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SIXPENCE.

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IN ROYAL HEALTH: THE KING LANDING AT DOVER ON HIS RETURN FROM MARIENBAD.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HALFTONES.

On September 8 the King returned from his cure at Marienbad. His Majesty who is in splendid health, crossed from Calais to Dover in the specially chartered turbine-steamer "Invicta." The King spent Sunday at Buckingham Palace, and on Monday went to Rufford Abbey, as the guest of Lord and Lady Savile, for the Doncaster week.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

A CORRESPONDENT asks me to make more lucid my remarks about phonetic spelling. I have no detailed objection to items of spelling-reform: my objection is to a general principle; and it is this. It seems to me that what is really wrong with all modern and highly civilised language is that it does so largely consist of dead words. Half our speech consists of similes that remind us of no similarity; of pictorial phrases that call up no picture; of historical allusions the origin of which we have forgotten. Take any instance on which the eye happens to alight. I saw in the paper some days ago that the well-known leader of a certain religious party wrote to a supporter of his the following curious words: "I have not forgotten the talented way in which you held up the banner at Birkenhead." Taking the ordinary vague meaning of the word "talented," there is no coherency in the picture. The trumpets blow, the spears shake and glitter, and in the thick of the purple battle there stands a gentleman holding up a banner in a talented way. And when we come to the original force of the word "talent" the matter is worse: a talent is a Greek coin used in the New Testament as a symbol of the mental capital committed to an individual at birth. If the religious leader in question had really meant anything by his phrases he would have been puzzled to know how a man could use a Greek coin to hold up a banner. But really he meant nothing by his phrases. "Holding up the banner" was to him a colourless term for doing the proper thing, and "talented" was a colourless term for doing it successfully.

Now my own fear touching anything in the way of phonetic spelling is that it would simply increase this tendency to use words as counters and not as coins. The original life in a word (as in the word "talent") burns low as it is: sensible spelling might extinguish it altogether. Suppose any sentence you like: suppose a man says, "Republics generally encourage holidays." It looks like the top line of a copy-book. Now it is perfectly true that if you wrote that sentence exactly as it is pronounced, even by highly educated people, the sentence would run: "Ripubliks jenrally inkurrij hollidies." It looks ugly: but I have not the smallest objection to ugliness. My objection is that these four words have each a history and hidden treasures in them: that this history and hidden treasure (which we tend to forget too much as it is) phonetic spelling tends to make us forget altogether. Republic does not mean merely a mode of political choice. Republic (as we see when we look at the structure of the word) means the Public Thing: the abstraction which is us all.

A Republican is not a man who wants a Constitution with a President. A Republican is a man who prefers to think of Government as impersonal; he is opposed to the Royalist, who prefers to think of Government as personal. Take the second word, "generally." This is always used as meaning "in the majority of cases." But, again, if we look at the shape and spelling of the word, we shall see that "generally" means something more like "generically," and is akin to such words as "generation" or "regenerate." "Pigs are generally dirty" does not mean that pigs are, in the majority of cases, dirty, but that pigs as a race or genus are dirty, that pigs as pigs are dirty—an important philosophical distinction. Take the third word, "encourage." The word "encourage" is used in such modern sentences in the merely automatic sense of promote; to encourage poetry means merely to advance or assist poetry. But to encourage poetry means properly to put courage into poetry—a fine idea. Take the fourth word, "holidays." As long as that word remains, it will always answer the ignorant slander which asserts that religion was opposed to human cheerfulness; that word will always assert that when a day is holy it should also be happy. Properly spelt, these words all tell a sublime story, like Westminster Abbey. Phonetically spelt, they might lose the last traces of any such story. "Generally" is an exalted metaphysical term; "jenrally" is not. If you "encourage" a man, you pour into him the chivalry of a hundred princes; this does not happen if you merely "inkurrij" him. "Republics," if spelt phonetically, might actually forget to be public. "Holidays," if spelt phonetically, might actually forget to be holy.

Here is a case that has just occurred. A certain magistrate told somebody whom he was examining in court that he or she "should always be polite to the police." I do not know whether the magistrate noticed the circumstance, but the word "polite" and the word "p olice" have the same origin and meaning. Politeness means the atmosphere and ritual of the city, the symbol of human civilisation. The policeman means the representative and guardian of the city, the symbol of human civilisation. Yet it may be doubted whether the two ideas are commonly connected in the mind. It is probable that we often hear of politeness without

thinking of a policeman; it is even possible that our eyes often alight upon a policeman without our thoughts instantly flying to the subject of politeness. Yet the idea of the sacred city is not only the link of them both, it is the only serious justification and the only serious corrective of them both. If politeness means too often a mere frippery, it is because it has not enough to do with serious patriotism and public dignity; if policemen are coarse or casual, it is because they are not sufficiently convinced that they are the servants of the beautiful city and the agents of sweetness and light. Politeness is not really a frippery. Politeness is not really even a thing merely suave and deprecating. Politeness is an armed guard, stern and splendid and vigilant, watching over all the ways of men; in other words, politeness is a policeman. A policeman is not merely a heavy man with a truncheon: a policeman is a machine for the smoothing and sweetening of the accidents of everyday existence. In other words, a policeman is politeness: a veiled image of politeness—sometimes impenetrably veiled. But my point is here that by losing the original idea of the city, which is the force and youth of both the words, both the things actually degenerate. Our politeness loses all manliness because we forget that politeness is only the Greek for patriotism. Our policemen lose all delicacy because we forget that a policeman is only the Greek for something civilised. A policeman should often have the functions of a knight-errant. A policeman should always have the elegance of a knight-errant. But I am not sure that he would succeed any the better in remembering this obligation of romantic grace if his name were spelt phonetically, supposing that it could be spelt phonetically. Some spelling-reformers, I am told, in the poorer parts of London do spell his name phonetically, very phonetically. They call him a "pleeceman." Thus the whole romance of the ancient city disappears from the word; and the policeman's reverent courtesy of demeanour deserts him quite suddenly. This does seem to me the case against any extreme revolution in spelling. If you spell a word wrong you have some temptation to think it wrong.

Touching the matter of this American move in spelling, I see that Mr. W. T. Stead threatens us with the possible separation of England from America—an incident that happened some hundred years ago, and of which he may have heard. For my own part, I could imagine nothing better than that Americans should spell English in their own way, as they already pronounce it in their own way. What little *rapprochement* there ever has been of late years between England and America seems to me to have done nothing but harm to both countries. It has only been an alliance between the rich of both countries. Nobody pretends that the navy in the docks loves America any more. Nobody pretends that the Irish labourer in New York hates England any less. All that we can say is that there has been a combination (generally quite sordid) between those English nobles who have forgotten the English traditions and those American men of business who have forgotten the American traditions. There has been a slight infusion of English feeling into the American upper classes; it has made them less democratic. There has been a slight infusion of American feeling into the English gentry; it has made them less gentlemanly. The whole thing goes a very little way; and as far as it goes it is bad. I have no doubt that some kind of spelling-reform might be patched up among people of this kind. They are already spelling-reformers, in a way; for the more refined half of them drop their "g's" and the more influential half drop their "h's." But all of them put together do not amount to anything resembling one nation, let alone two; and I do not believe that finest American tradition cares any more for spelling-reform than we do in England.

I do not believe that the men who drew up the Declaration of Independence would take any particular delight in calling it a "Deklarashun of Independence." So that when Mr. Stead says "we may hate President Roosevelt's innovation as much as we like, but we shall have to follow it, or we shall get as badly left in the twentieth century as was George III. in the eighteenth," I am afraid that I am not moved to alarm, but rather to a slight entertainment. Mr. Stead may think that "through" being spelt "thru" is as important as Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity; but I strongly doubt if he will get any large number of Americans to be killed at Bunker's Hill for the difference. Men were killed for patriotism and public freedom; men would not be stung by a gnat to turn "through" into "thru," even if it were an improvement. But as I pointed out before, it is not an improvement. Like most of these alterations, it loses all the original life of the word. When we spell "through" so as to obliterate all its connection with the word "thorough," we have obliterated nearly all the interest that the word has. If the Americans wish to follow President Roosevelt in this matter, so much the worse for their own language. But I do not believe for a moment that they will; they have infinitely less confidence in President Roosevelt than we have.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"TRISTRAM AND ISEULT." AT THE ADELPHI.

SO much of our vaunted poetic drama—Massinger's, for instance—is lacking in the true essentials of poetry; so much—"Romeo and Juliet" may serve as an example—is the less dramatic for being poetic, that it is no reproach to Mr Comyns Carr to say that the blank verse of his new tragedy, "Tristram and Iseult," is fluent and robust rather than impressive and inspired. Without being genuine poetry, it makes a serviceable and dignified vehicle for the development of a picturesque and stirring play, just as the play itself has a romantic rather than a tragic quality. But though Mr. Carr's decasyllabics rise to no soaring heights, and though his drama is no supreme achievement of imagination, his sure instinct for the stage has enabled him to fashion a version of the beautiful Celtic love-legend which preserves a certain exaltation of sentiment and charms by its very simplicity. To enjoy this new Adelphi play, spectators must forget that Wagner ever wedded the story of Isolde and her lover to immortal music—they must remember it only as it is recorded in the chronicle of Malory. Mr. Carr's treatment, indeed, so far from concentrating attention, as does Wagner or as would the more analytical dramatist of to-day, on the actual crisis of the love-story, follows the leisurely epic methods of the old romancers, the potion-scene coming as late as the third of his four acts. Of Mr. Carr's two chief innovations one is effective and the other not; he commits an error in introducing the spectral figure of Iseult "with the white hands" as a sort of guardian angel of her namesake; but his conversion of King Mark into a thorough villain helps the action, though it emphasises the fact that the play is really melodrama—exalted, vivid, moving melodrama, of course. The piece is mounted with exquisite taste, the tourney scenes and the scenes on board ship and in the forest being framed in stage-pictures of exceeding loveliness. The acting is what such a play demands—declamatory, vigorous, and passionate. The most striking and artistic performance at the Adelphi is that of Mr. Oscar Asche as King Mark, but only less excellent is the Brangwaine of Miss Wynne-Matthison, surely the most consummate elocutionist on our stage. As Tristram, too, Mr. Matheson Lang, a young actor with a handsome presence, a gallant bearing and a fine voice, shows wonderful promise, though his reading of the part is not quite sufficiently imaginative; and it would be hard to conceive a more beautiful, a more graceful, or, once a certain monotony of diction is allowed for, a more appealing Iseult than Miss Lily Brayton's. In fine, the eye, the ear, the emotions, and the intelligence are alike gratified by this latest Adelphi production.

"THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S." AT THE WALDORF.

What is it that has made the farce of "The Man from Blankley's," once more revived by Mr. Harrison, so extraordinarily successful at the Haymarket? If this house were a Paris theatre, the explanation might be the perfect *ensemble* of acting preserved there by a singularly brilliant company of comedians; but Londoners take but scant notice of *ensemble* on the stage. If our middle-class displayed the same delight as our smart set in seeing and hearing its vices scarified in public, the vogue of Mr. Anstey's farce might be set down to Suburbia's flocking to the Haymarket to chuckle over a satirical portrait of itself; but Suburbia is far too thin-skinned to appreciate such a compliment. And certainly Mr. Anstey's satire is altogether too fantastic and extravagant to wound any save the thinnest skins. Whatever may be the reason, "The Man from Blankley's" seems once more in for a long run; and in Mr. Keble Howard's quaint rustic comedy, "Compromising Martha," played as first piece, it has just the right sort of foil.

"MRS. TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM." AT THE WALDORF.

Rather a violent contrast is afforded by the two plays which constitute the new bill at the Waldorf Theatre. The first piece, "His Child," which is the joint work of Messrs. Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce, is a strenuous piece of realism, a very affecting but gloomy tale of mean streets, concerned with a slum-girl's illegitimate child, and well acted in its chief rôle, that of Liz, the unrepentant young mother, by Miss Haidee Wright. The other part of the programme, "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," for which Messrs. Frank Wyatt and William Morris are responsible, is a mechanical but laughable farce, so old-fashioned in its general scheme and its particular *clichés* as perhaps to seem novel to not a few playgoers. The story turns on a husband's having been detained out all night by the stopping of the Great Wheel at Earl's Court, on his wife's refusing to believe him when he tells the actual truth, on his starting what becomes a whole fabric of lies to give her a more credible explanation, and on his wife's creating a host of troubles by sending telegrams to test his (of course false) assertions. In this wild *mélée* of suspicions, falsehoods, and extraordinary coincidences, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, Mr. Morris, and Miss Sybil Carlisle act with spirit and behave as naturally as is possible under such artificial conditions.

THE KAISER'S Breslau SPEECH.

AGAIN the Kaiser has made a speech, and again he has set his critics by the ears. Complimenting his loyal Silesians on the welcome they had given him, and on their appreciation of what the House of Hohenzollern had done for them, his Imperial Majesty said: "The world belongs to the living, and the living man is right. I cannot stand pessimists; and whoever is not fitted for the work let him depart, and, if he wants to, let him find a better country for himself. I expect my Silesians, however, to join together once more to-day in the resolve, pursuing great objects and models, to follow their Duke in his work and above all in his work of peace for his people. In this hope I empty my glass to the welfare of Silesia and all loyal Silesians." On this the Press of the Fatherland has waxed very bitter. It recalls the Emperor's utterance of fourteen years ago, when he declared that his policy was a right one, and recommending all grumblers to shake the dust of their native land from their feet, called on all patriots to follow him towards a glorious goal. The Press declares that a comparison of promises with results provides abundant justification for the growth of a spirit of pessimism.

A CASE FOR INQUIRY.

IT is surprising that no official inquiry has been announced to investigate the causes of the lamentable outbreak of enteric fever in the camp of the 3rd Battalion Loyal North Lancashire Regiment at Fleetwood. The outbreak has cost four officers their lives. The latest death was that of Captain Miller, of Thistleton, whose portrait we give on another page. The cause of the disease that carried off this gallant young officer after a month's struggle with death, is said to have been a contaminated water-cart. In the interests of the service and the public the case calls for the most stringent investigation.

MUSIC.

IN "Antoinette Sterling, and Other Celebrities," written by M. Sterling MacKinlay, a son of the late contralto, and published by Hutchinson and Co., the author makes distinct but unnecessary reference to his own youth and a lack of literary experience. Nobody can read many pages without realising that the volume is the work of a tyro, and is just a piece of bookmaking and nothing more. The biography of one who lives in the public eye should not be attempted by an immediate relative, for his perspective is necessarily false or obscured. The late Madame Antoinette Sterling may have had even more virtues and merits than those ascribed to her by a loving and dutiful son, but their recital makes tedious reading, and countless small incidents that might well appeal to the singer's relatives are of no interest at all to the world at large that is only concerned with an artist when she is ministering to them. To make matters worse, the author has little sense of style, and makes use of Latin quotations of which the spelling can appeal only to Professor Brander Matthews, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and President Roosevelt. Outside the United States we do not look to see "Dulce est decipere in loco," for example; at present the meaning is altogether different from that which the writer intends to convey. "Their very eyes" is another piece of Cockney English to which we must take grave exception; and the parody of "The Three Fishers" is a poor piece of doggerel verse of which the taste is questionable. Out of three hundred and forty pages, the biography of Madame Sterling occupies less than half.

The rest of the book is devoted to the late Manuel Garcia and to a chronicle of small beer. It would find a place in several weekly journals that have rather less than a nodding acquaintance with literature and an insatiable appetite for anecdote; but in book form it has an appearance similar to that of an agricultural labourer in his Sunday clothes. The author's remarks about things he does not understand—the impressionist movement in art, for example—are banal. In his use of italics he invades the province of second-rate lady novelists, and we cannot avoid the thought that if he should have decided to apply himself seriously to letters as well as music, the publication of this book can only be regarded as a mistake. One must walk before undertaking to run, and must have mastered the rudiments of literary form before challenging criticism as an author. Antoinette Sterling, in the days when her voice was at its best, was a very fine singer, whose well-considered work gave deep pleasure to thousands, and had genuine artistic worth; but at no period of her career was she much more than a ballad singer of the first class. Her achievements in oratorio were not very great or remarkable, and unless we are mistaken she did not sing in grand opera at all. Her statement that ballads are the most difficult of all music to render with true effect will hardly be approved by singers, critics, or the educated supporters of music. It only remains to add that the volume has been well produced, and contains several interesting portraits.

The Wilberforce Museum at Hull was opened by the Earl of Liverpool, and not by Earl Carrington, as was stated in a recent number.

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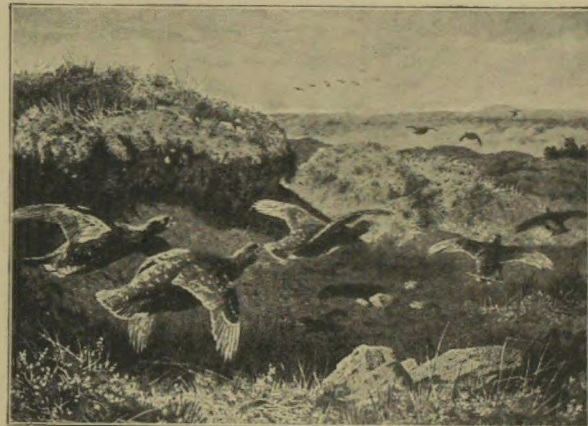
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BRAHMS'S FIRST SYMPHONY.
Wednesday Evening: Mr. Josef Holbrooke's New Work, "THE BELLS."
BEETHOVEN'S VIOLIN CONCERTO.
New Work by Mr. PERCY PITT.
SINFONETTA IN G MINOR.
Berlioz's Overture, "LE CARNIVAL ROMAIN."
Thursday Morning: "THE MESSIAH."
Thursday Evening: Mr. Granville Bantock's New Work, "OMAR KHAYYAM."
STRAUSS'S "TOD UND VERKLARUNG."
Friday Morning: BEETHOVEN'S MASS IN D.
TSCHAIKOWSKY'S VIOLIN CONCERTO.
Friday Evening: Sir C. Villiers Stanford's "THE REVENGE."
"HYMN OF PRAISE" (Mendelssohn).
Conductor: DR. HANS RICHTER.
Detailed Programmes may be obtained post free on application to
WALTER CHARLTON, Secretary.
5, Waterloo Street, Birmingham.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

Royal Movements.

King Edward returned from Marienbad on Saturday afternoon last, having completed his cure to the satisfaction of his physician, Dr. Ott. On Monday morning he received Baron Komura, who presented his credentials as the Japanese Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. The customary ceremonial was observed, and his Majesty, who received Baron Komura in the uniform of a British Field-Marshal, wore the ribbon of the Order of the Chrysanthemum, which has been conferred upon him by the Mikado. In the afternoon King Edward left town for Rufford Abbey to stay with Lord and Lady Savile for the Doncaster Races.

From Ollerton his Majesty will proceed to Advie, where he will be the guest of Mr. Arthur Sassoon at Tulchan Lodge, and will have some grouse-driving over the surrounding moors. He will also visit Lord and Lady Colebrooke in Lanarkshire, and the Princess Royal and Duke of Fife at Mar Lodge. Queen Alexandra is in Copenhagen,

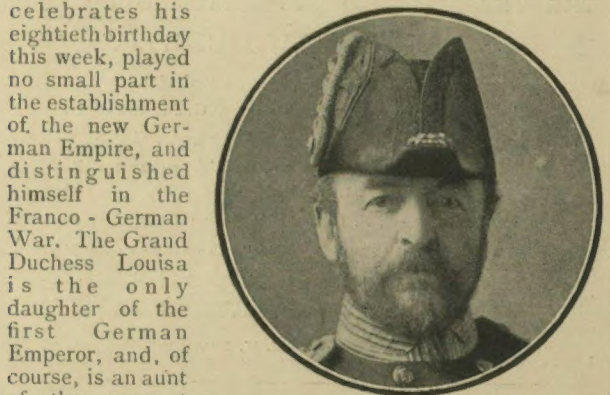


MR. LESLIE URQUHART,
Hero of Baku.

where her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, is staying on the Imperial yacht the *Polar Star*. The Dowager Empress is said to be suffering from lumbago and unable to leave the yacht, and her indisposition has given rise to many wild stories about revolutionary agents and Anarchists.

Portraits.

On Sept. 20 the Grand Duke of Baden will celebrate his golden wedding, and the Duke of Connaught will proceed to Karlsruhe next week to confer, on behalf of the King, the Order of the Garter upon the veteran ruler. The Grand Duke, who celebrates his eightieth birthday this week, played no small part in the establishment of the new German Empire, and distinguished himself in the Franco-German War. The Grand Duchess Louisa is the only daughter of the first German Emperor, and, of course, is an aunt of the present Kaiser. The silver wedding of the Hereditary Grand Duke and Grand Duchess will be celebrated simultaneously with the golden wedding of the reigning Grand Duke on the 20th instant.



REAR-ADMIRAL C. G. ROBINSON,
New Admiral-Superintendent, Portsmouth.

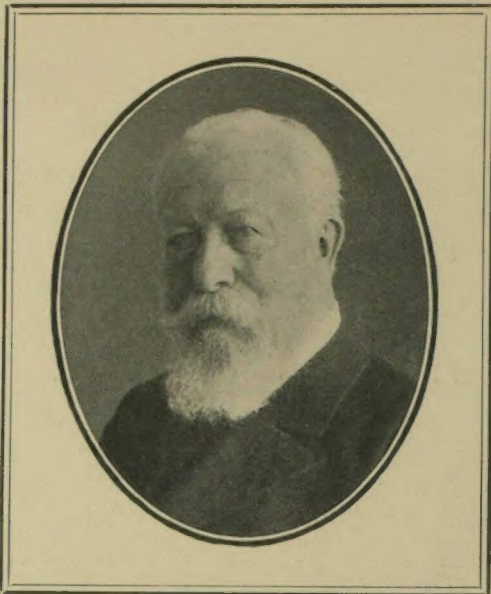
Almost as soon as the Cuban insurrection broke out last month General José Gomez was arrested by order of President Palma, who was prompt to capture the man who appealed most to the imagination of the insurgents. He was indicted on a charge of rebellion, and bail was refused. Unfortunately for President Palma, who is hardly a great administrator or a man able to keep Cuba satisfied with its five-year-old gift of Constitutional Government, the case against the veteran soldier of fortune and fatherland is not proven, and even if General Gomez were concerned in the arrangement of an insurrection that seems likely to succeed, his lieutenants appear to be particularly able men, and he will not be missed in the field. Truth to tell, Cuba has needed an administrator of the type of Porfirio



MR. FRANK HEDGES BUTLER,
Founder of the Aero Club.

Diaz. No man of less strength and determination could hope to deal with the unruly crowd that brought destruction to the poor remains of Spain's Colonial Empire, and made America's gift of political freedom seem less like an example of generosity than a mere statesmanlike insurance against serious risks.

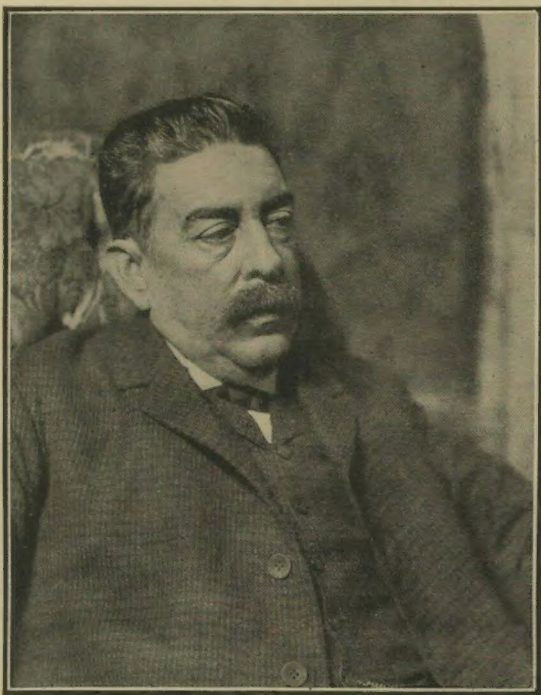
Captain W. P. G. Miller, of Thistleton, Kirkham, and Merlewood, Grange-over-Sands, Lancashire, died on Aug. 21 of enteric fever, contracted at Fleetwood, where his regiment was encamped for its annual training. Captain Miller, who belonged to the 3rd Battalion Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, served with that corps during the war in South Africa. He married, in 1898, Nora Blanchie, youngest daughter of Sir Cuthbert and Lady Quilter, of Bawdsey Manor. He leaves a son and



THE GRAND DUKE OF BADEN,
New Knight of the Garter, Celebrating his Golden Wedding.

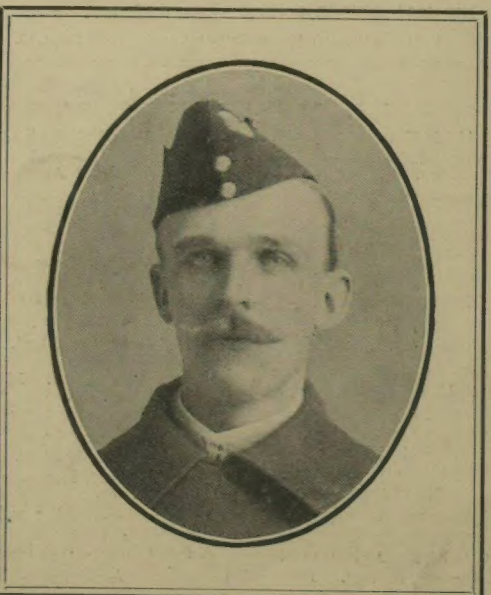
daughter. There is great sympathy with Captain Miller's widow and relatives. The service has lost in him a valuable officer, struck down in his prime by a cruel disease. Captain Miller's death is the fourth occasioned by the Fleetwood outbreak of enteric, which, strange to say, the authorities have not officially investigated.

Mr. Urquhart, the British Vice-Consul at Baku, who had a narrow escape from assassination last week, came prominently before the public during the Tartar riots in



GENERAL JOSE GOMEZ,
Cuban Rebel Leader, now under Arrest.

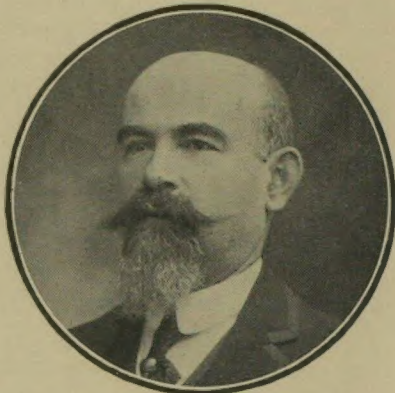
the great centre of the petroleum industry last year. At a time when the lives of British subjects were seriously menaced, Mr. Urquhart showed a combination of personal courage, resource, and presence of mind that excited the admiration of all who followed the tragic history of the outbreak. He received the Albert Medal for his heroism. For some time past the revolutionary party in Baku has threatened our Vice-Consul, whose uncompromising attitude where British interests are concerned has interfered seriously with the active policy of the party that seeks to accomplish its aims through the destruction of a great and prosperous Russian



THE LATE CAPTAIN W. P. G. MILLER,
Victim of Enteric at Fleetwood.

industry. Mr. Urquhart would seem to have had a remarkable escape. Five of the assassin's bullets grazed his skin as he lay on the ground half-stunned from the effect of a fall from his carriage, and a sixth bullet injured his hand. The Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs has conveyed to Sir Arthur Nicolson, the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, an expression of his deep regret at the untoward incident. Doubtless Mr. Urquhart will not be deterred in any way from following a policy that commends itself to the sober judgment of all men.

Mr. Louis Spitzel, who died last week at Carlsbad in his forty-ninth year, was a clever and energetic financier, who was born in Austria, and made fortunes in England, Australia, and China. In the last-named country his business capacity attracted the attention of Li Hung Chang, to whom he acted for a time as financial adviser. Mr. Spitzel claimed the honour of having been the first to introduce Maxim guns into China. In his later years he was concerned with two great schemes of public interest. The first was to establish a fund for officers of the Metropolitan Police; the other was to give to every school-child in Great Britain and the Colonies a copy of a book containing the history of the British Empire. Mr. Spitzel was a traveller and a philanthropist as well as a financier, and will be missed in circles of the very poor, to whom his unostentatious bounty was never denied.



THE LATE MR. LOUIS SPITZEL,
Li Hung Chang's European Adviser.

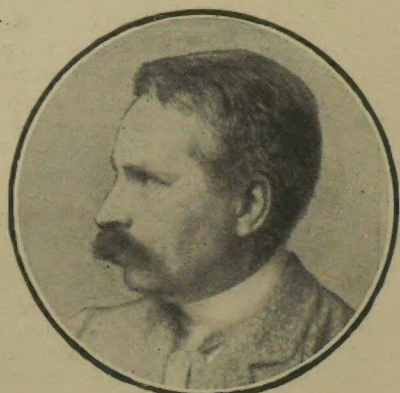
Rear-Admiral Sir Henry Deacon Barry, who has been Admiral-Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard since 1905, now goes to command the Third Cruiser Squadron. He was born in 1849, and entered the Royal Navy in 1863. In 1892 he had attained Captain's rank, and in the following year he became Director of Naval Intelligence, a post which he held till 1895. His other appointments have been those of Member of the Ordnance Committee and Director of Naval Ordnance and Torpedoes. He is a Knight Companion of the Victorian Order.



REAR-ADMIRAL SIR H. D. BARRY,
New Commander Third Cruiser Squadron.

Service as a cadet in December 1864. He became Sub-Lieutenant in October 1870, Lieutenant in September 1873, Commander in 1884, Captain in 1900, and Rear-Admiral three years ago.

We have to record the death of Ralph Gordon Noel Milbanke, Earl of Lovelace and Baron Wentworth, who died very suddenly at his Surrey seat, Ockham Park, Ripley, in his sixty-eighth year. He was second son of the first Earl of Lovelace by the Hon. Ada Augusta, only child of Lord Byron. Lord Lovelace was twice married, and leaves a daughter, by his first wife, who now succeeds to the Barony of Wentworth. The Earldom of Lovelace devolves upon the late Peer's half-brother, the Hon. Lionel Fortescue King-Noel, son of the first Earl by his second marriage. He was born in 1865. The only sister of the late Lord Lovelace married Mr. Wilfred Scawen Blunt, of Crabbet Park, Sussex, the famous breeder of pure Arab horses and a poet of considerable attainments.



THE LATE EARL OF LOVELACE,
Grandson of Byron.

Mr. Frank Hedges Butler, who is to compete in the Gordon-Bennett balloon race from Paris on the 30th of this month, is largely responsible for Society's latest week-end hobby, ballooning. He is, indeed, the founder of the Aero Club of this country, and has made four-score free-balloon ascents here and in France, including two cross-Channel trips.

On Saturday afternoon the Cambridge v. Harvard. Cambridge crew succeeded in winning the great race against Harvard, beating the Americans with comparative ease by two lengths. Experts have expressed the opinion

IN DANGER: A TIGHT PLACE WITH A TIGER.

FROM THE PAINTING BY R. ERNST.



AN UNENVIABLE POSITION.

The European big-game hunter who attacks the tiger has his own perils in the elephant's howdah; but his position is ease itself compared with that of the adventurer in our engraving. Caught on a narrow and impassable ledge of rock, with only his hunting-knife to save him from death should the tiger reach him, his chances would be of the smallest, and only the utmost coolness and one unerring stroke could save him from death.

that the Harvard crew was not up to its own practising form, for the Englishmen were quite clear of their rivals at the Thames Rowing Club, and the Harvard men did not recover any of the lost ground. An enormous crowd had gathered from all parts to see the race, and the result was contrary to the expectations of many good rowing men, who feared that Harvard would repeat the success of the Belgian crew at Henley. The Americans took their defeat as sportsmen should, and the competing crews, with some of their friends, dined together in the evening, when Colonel Frank Willan, who rowed bow of the Oxford winning four against Harvard in 1869, presided. After dinner, the crews were entertained at the Alhambra. The visit of the American crew is matter for congratulation, because our Transatlantic cousins have developed rowing very much as they have developed horse-riding; and a comparison of styles and methods is bound to do good to our Universities, where there is a tendency to pay an exaggerated respect to tradition.

The Kaiser's Business Man.

Herr Bernhard Dernburg, who has succeeded the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg as Acting-Director of the Colonial Department of the German Foreign Office, is the manager of the Bank für Handel und Industrie, a shrewd financier, and a multi-millionaire who directs some of the largest financial undertakings in the



PHOTOGRAPHED WITHOUT THEIR WARDERS' KNOWLEDGE: POLITICAL PRISONERS IN THE PAVIAK PRISON AT WARSAW.

These prisoners, most of whom belong to the educated classes, were awaiting trial for complicity in the recent disturbances at Warsaw. The photographer, unknown to the warders, arranged with the prisoners to form up at a certain moment during their daily walk. He was thus able to photograph them from the windows of a house in the neighbourhood.



Photo. Park.

JAPAN'S AMBASSADOR TO ST. JAMES'S: BARON KOMURA RETURNING TO THE EMBASSY AFTER PRESENTING HIS CREDENTIALS TO THE KING.

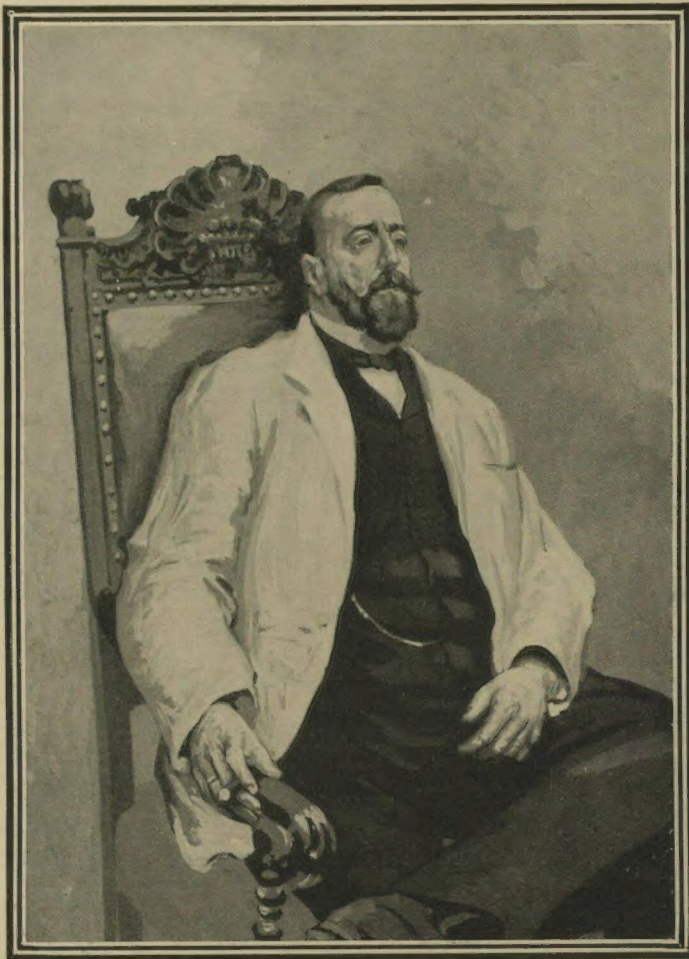
Empire. He enters upon a difficult task, for the colonial administration of the German Empire has been very unsuccessful, and has no solitary triumph to its credit. In addition to the seemingly endless campaign in South-West Africa—a little war that has already cost the taxpayer more than South-West Africa is worth to the German Empire—it is an open secret that the management of the contracts under the control of the Colonial Office has been very bad indeed. As the matters are still *sub judice* it is hardly right to deal with them in detail; but they resulted in the Reichstag's rejection of a Government Bill for the institution of a Colonial Secretaryship. After this expression of German public opinion the position of the head of the Colonial Department became more difficult than ever, and the Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, who is said to have a great administrative career before him, found his office untenable. It is too early to say how far Herr Dernburg will succeed in evolving order out of chaos.

Unrest in Russia.

Although the vast bulk of the Russian Empire must be taken into consideration when we discuss the ever-lengthening list of tragedies published day by day, it is impossible to avoid the thought that things are going from bad to worse. In Poland and the Baltic Provinces the authorities would appear to be paralysed, and open war is waged between the soldiery and the Revolutionary party. As soon as the soldiers have a free hand they proceed to perfectly appalling excesses, and the Jews seem to be the chief sufferers. For the most part they are defenceless; the majority of them seek safety in flight rather than in resistance, and in the commercial Jewish quarters there is always material

for plunder. In the passing week the chief act of the Russian tragedy has been enacted at Siedlce, in Poland, where the town was given up to the Libau and Kaluga Infantry Regiments, with results that are too horrible for detailed description. In spite of the bureaucracy's confident reliance upon the army, many grave reports are abroad to the effect that the appeals of the revolutionary party are making considerable headway in the barracks. In Moscow the condition of the soldiers gives uneasiness to the authorities. Mr. Leslie Urquhart, British Vice-Consul at Baku, has been attacked, presumably by one of the revolutionary party who seeks to compromise Russia in her relations with foreign Governments. Happily, the assassin missed his aim. M. Stolypin continues to issue manifestoes and to further arrangements by which the peasants may secure a portion at least of the land they covet.

The latest advices from Constantinople justify a belief that the Sultan has recovered from his recent indisposition, and the news will be hailed with relief by all who study with intelligence the progress of European politics. It is only when the clever ruler of the Ottoman Empire is indisposed that the average man wakes to some sense of the great work that Abdul Hamid must accomplish. Doubtless there is much in the method of accomplishment to which grave exception must be taken, but for all his failures and for all the outrages committed in his



TO RUN THE KAISER'S COLONIES ON BUSINESS LINES: THE BANKER, HERR BERNHARD DERNBURG, APPOINTED GERMAN COLONIAL MINISTER.

FROM A PAINTING BY PROFESSOR STEVOGT.

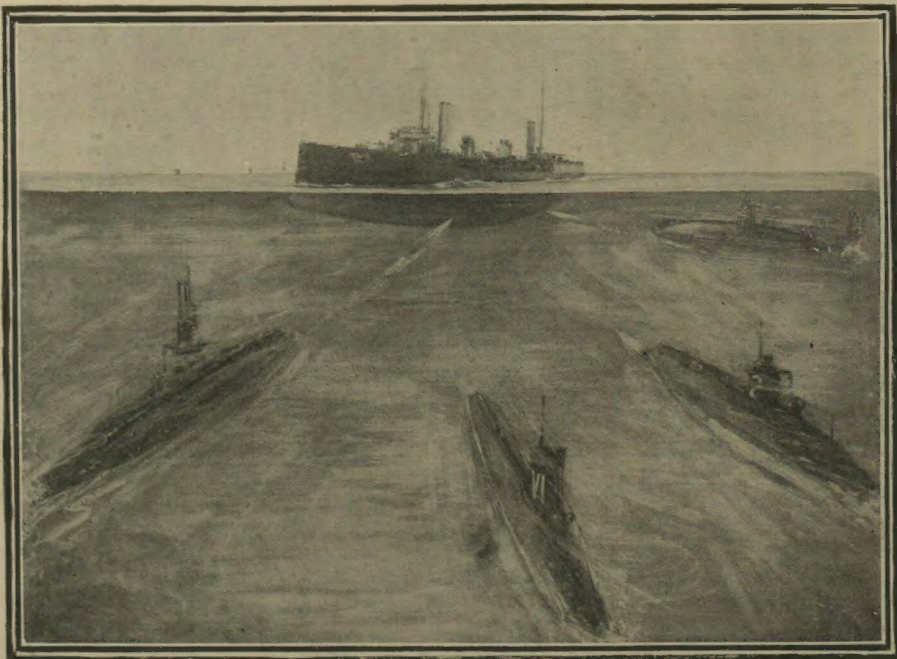


Photo. Crabb.

UNDERWATER HORNETS: THE SUBMARINES' ATTACK ON THE PARENT-SHIP "HAZARD" WITH DUMMY-HEAD TORPEDOES.

These operations were carried out last week in the Solent at a point clear of island traffic. The submarines had to approach the "Hazard" unperceived, launch a torpedo, and retire. The practice was most successful, and had it been real warfare the parent-ship would have been sunk.



Photo. Park.

THE JAPANESE AMBASSADOR'S NAVAL AND MILITARY SECRETARIES: CAPTAIN TOCHINAI AND COLONEL SHIBA RETURNING FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

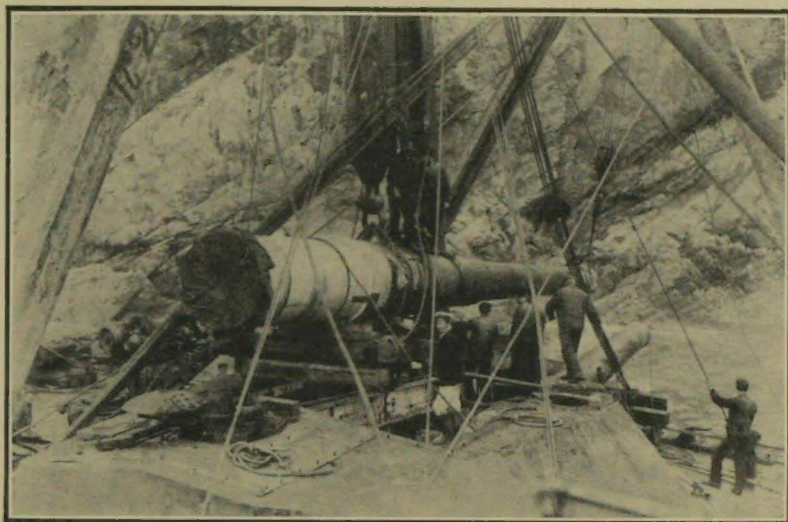
name, the Sultan holds together a singularly unruly collection of races, and succeeds, if only to a limited extent, in repressing their fighting proclivities. Here, in the West of Europe, we are apt to forget that the average healthy man of the Near East is never so happy as when he has a gun in his hand, and a sporting chance of killing his nearest enemy and carrying off some of that enemy's women-folk or cattle. East of the Adriatic the fighting man flourishes; he has many religions, but trusts most in gunpowder, and to him a small stricken field is a picnic. If Austria's success in Bosnia and Herzegovina were not before us to prove the possibility of ruling the Near East properly, one would feel inclined to believe that Abdul Hamid II. and the Ottoman Empire were made for one another.

Holman Hunt and the National Collection.

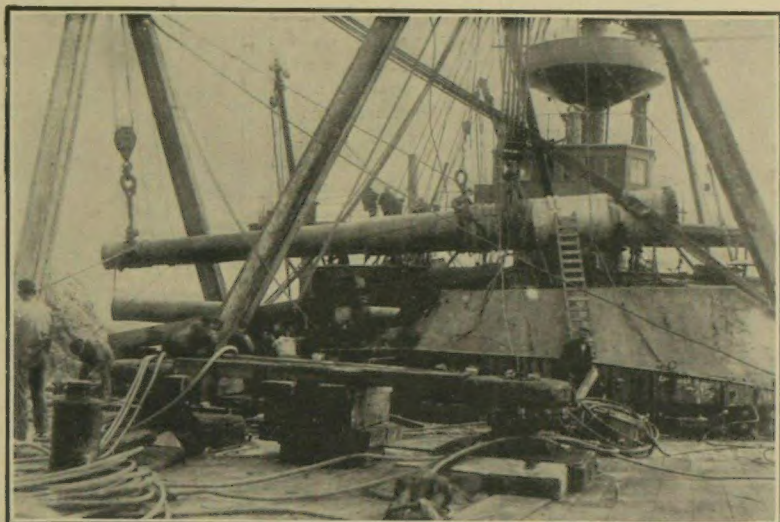
Tennyson was a rather captious critic of his illustrators, and therefore any strictures he may have made on Mr. Holman Hunt's illustration to "The Lady of Shalott," on the score of the artist's departure from the letter of the text, are of little moment. There is now some talk of the desirability of securing Mr. Holman Hunt's recent picture, the outcome of the 1857 illustration, for the nation. But it is questionable whether the Curator of the Wallace Collection was justified in declaring before the Lords Committee that the most serious need of the National Gallery of British Art was an important example of Mr. Holman Hunt's work. Were that the case, we could make light of the sins of omission at Millbank. It is interesting to remember that Rossetti envied his brother Pre-Raphaelite "The Lady of Shalott," declaring that he would rather have illustrated that subject than anything else Tennysonian.

CHEATING THE WAVES OF THE "MONTAGU'S" GREAT GUNS:

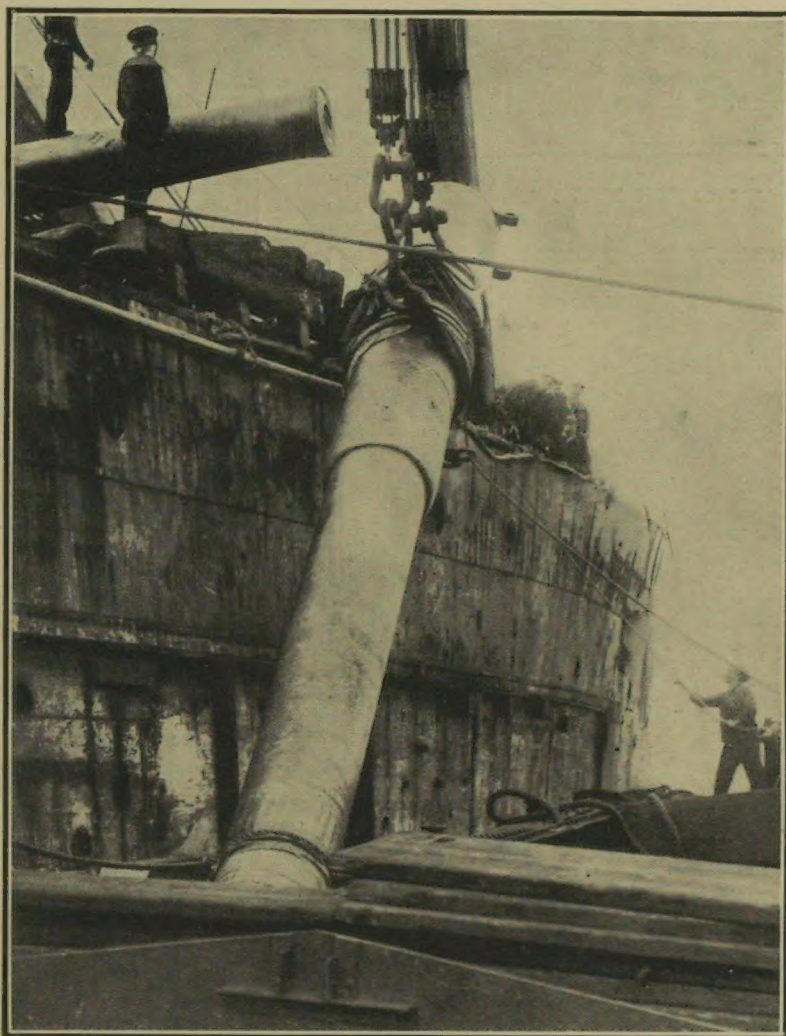
A HUGE SALVAGE OPERATION.



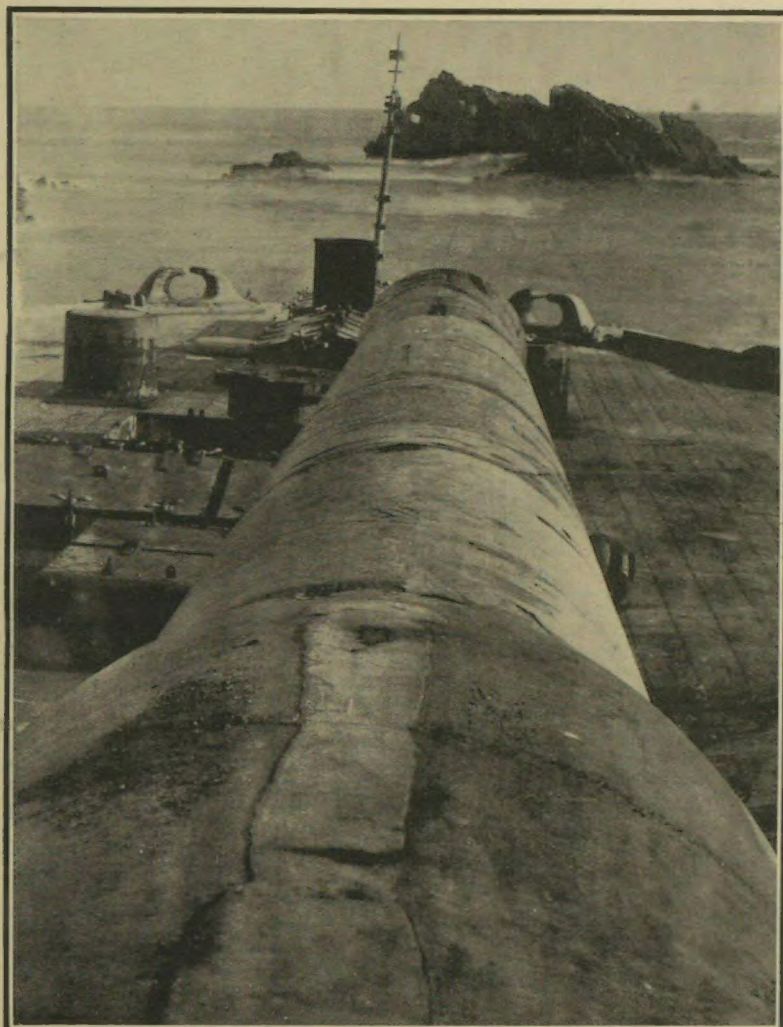
SWINGING THE GUN OUT OF THE BARBETTE.



THE GUN IN THE SLINGS.



GETTING THE GUN OVER THE SHIP'S SIDE INTO THE BARGE.



WEATHER-WORN: ONE OF THE "MONTAGU'S" GREAT GUNS.



THE GUN RAISED TO THE TOP OF THE BARBETTE.



DESOLATED BY THE WAVES: INSIDE THE WRECKED "MONTAGU."

The first of the four great 12-inch guns of H.M.S. "Montagu" has been salvaged by the men of the Liverpool Salvage Association, commanded by Captain Young. Huge sheer-poles were extemporised over the barrette; the gun was removed from its mountings, raised slowly by tackle of wire-rope, and then lowered into a lighter lying alongside the wreck of the battle-ship. The operation was very difficult, as the lighter was rising and falling with the swell.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.]

DONCASTER HOSTESSES, AND THE KING'S VISIT TO RUFFORD ABBEY.



Photo. Bassano.

LADY IDA SITWELL.

(1)
EVERY year since his accession, the King has stayed with Lord and Lady Savile for the Doncaster week. Rufford Abbey stands on the site of a Cistercian monastery, formerly a cell to Rievaulx Abbey. It was founded in 1148 by Gilbert of Ghent, and was given to the Talbots. The Abbey



LADY MARJORIE WILSON.

From the Painting by Edward Hughes.

(2)
possesses a historic ghost. In the library at Rufford is a portrait of the King, painted by Mr. Augustus Lumley Savile. Lady Savile is one of the smartest of the great hostesses. Another of the distinguished Doncaster hostesses is Lady Fitzwilliam, whose residence, Wentworth Woodhouse, is said to



Photo. Barnett.

THE KING'S HOSTESS:
LADY SAVILE.



RUFFORD ABBEY, FROM THE LAWN.



Photos. Henson.

THE GARDEN FRONT, RUFFORD ABBEY.



Photo. Thomson.

MRS. RUPERT BECKETT.



Photo. Henson.

WHERE LORD AND LADY SAVILE ARE ENTERTAINING THE KING: RUFFORD ABBEY.



Photo. Alice Hughes.

MRS. LAYCOCK.



THE OLD FISH STEW, RUFFORD ABBEY.



Photos. L. Willoughby.

THE HALL, RUFFORD ABBEY.



Photo. Langflier.

LADY ST. OSWALD.



Photo. Thomson.

LADY FITZWILLIAM.



Photo. Langflier.

THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

(3)
be the largest mansion in the kingdom. Lady Fitzwilliam was Lady Maud Dundas, daughter of the Marquis of Zetland; Lady St. Oswald's place is Nostell Priory. Mrs. Rupert Beckett received at the Lodge, Doncaster. Lady Galway's place is Serlby Hall. The Duchess of Newcastle entertained at



Photo. Barnett.

MRS. ARTHUR WILSON.

(4)
Clumber, and among her guests was the Duchess of Beaufort. Mrs. Arthur Wilson's place, needless to say, is Tranby Croft. Lady Marjorie Wilson's house is Ferriby Hall; and Mrs. Laycock's is Wiseton Hall. Sir George Sitwell and Lady Ida Sitwell have had a party at Renishaw Hall.

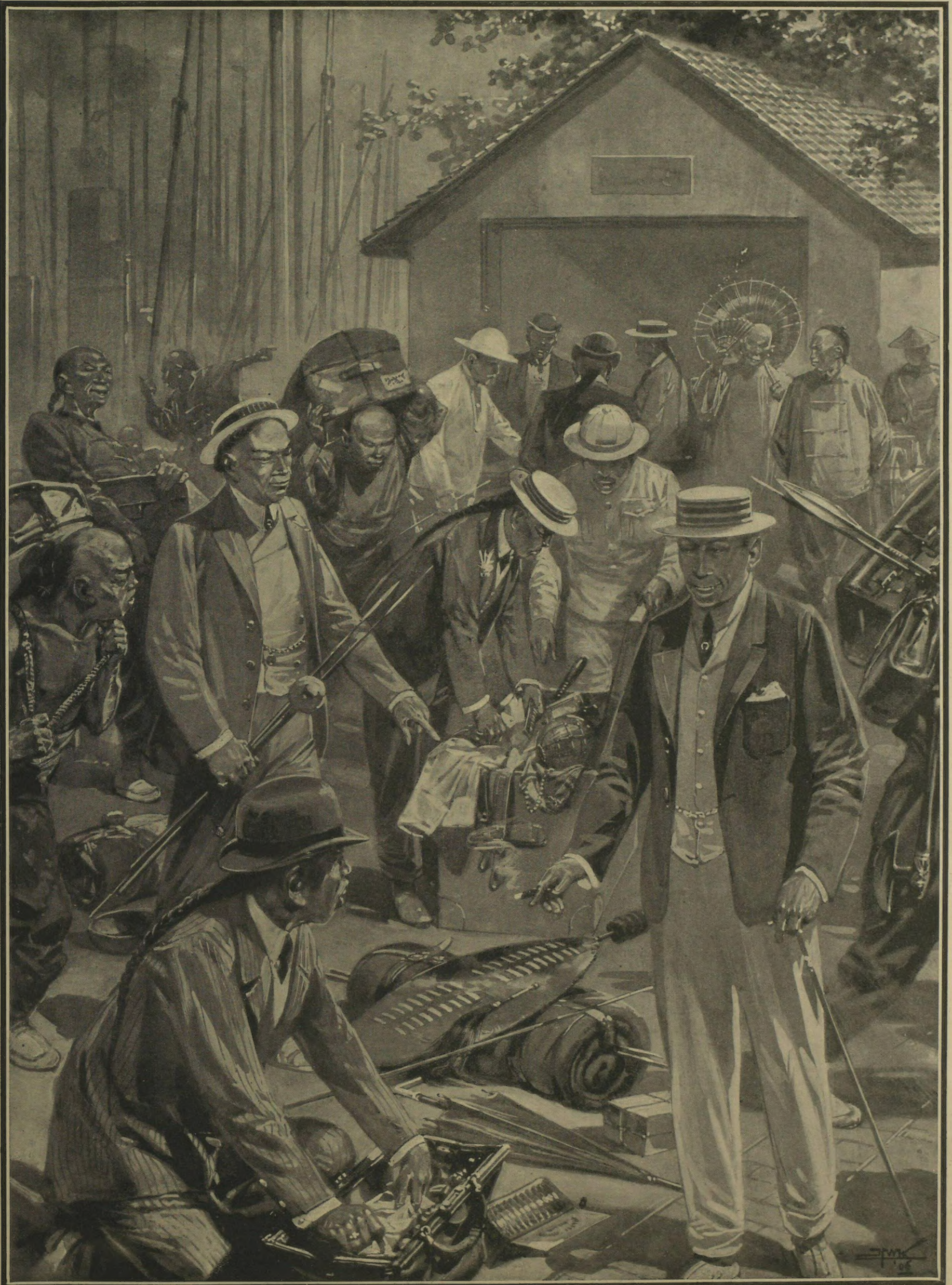


Photo. Langflier.

VISCOUNTESS GALWAY.

THE TRANSVAAL COOLIE TRANSFORMED: HIS LORDLY HOME-COMING.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY WALTER KIRTON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN HANKOW.



BACK FROM THE COMPOUND: THE COOLIES' RETURN FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

One of the most curious sights at the port of Hankow is the return of the coolie from the South African mines. He wears the most fashionable European costume and has become a great collector of Cape curiosities. He brings trunks full of these, and carries shields, assegais, knobkerries, fly-flickers, and so forth. When the Customs officials have passed the baggage the Celestial globe-trotter gives his less travelled brethren very lordly directions as to the disposal of his traps.

AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

TO be out of town is not equivalent, in the case of the "literary man," to having a holiday. The daily round of reading and writing, and correcting proof-sheets, and losing the manuscripts sent by feckless and importunate amateurs—total strangers—goes on as regularly as the daily "round" of the golfer. But with the golfer "the labour he delights in physics pain," whereas one does not delight in the ceaseless correspondence of the unknown amateur.

After a month of cold and deluge and mists anything but "mellow," in the south of Scotland, comes the phenomenon called a "heat-wave." Now a heat-wave is trying in the kingdom of Fife, where green trees are not much more common than in the distant days when Dr. Johnson saw one, and heard by popular report of the existence of another. In these irritating circumstances the amateur, a total stranger, takes up his pen and requests me to peruse his manuscript on Napoleon! Why he asks me more than another to do so, why he asks anybody, why he does not inflict himself on a Napoleonic specialist like Dr. Rose, there is no guessing. The amateur seems to think that he has a chartered right to hurl colossal parcels of untidy scribble at every stranger whose name he sees in the Press, but when his topic is Napoleon, and when his Napoleon coincides with a heat-wave, it is much to the credit of the victim if "he has no language but a cry." Many persons would have plenty of language.

Though the world is blazing with volcanic questions—social, political, and international craters flaring up in every direction—there are many persons who insist on trying to set fire to totally needless little piles of more or less combustible matter.

The British Academy is not an incendiary association: its members, as such, are quiet citizens, and seek the *fallentis semita vite*. Yet one reads in the papers that an eminent philologist, Professor Skeat, has contributed to the heat-wave by reading a paper on "spelling reform" before the British Academy.

When so many things are threatened with being reformed out of existence, surely spelling might be left alone. What is the matter with spelling? It is much easier to read the complex spelling than the "simplified" spelling.

There lie before me some letters written by a Jacobite lady, Mrs. Leith, in the year 1749. In 1746 Lord Lovat was a prisoner in a room in a house in Inverness, next to Mrs. Leith's room. She writes, in her simplified way, "My sentiments also runing in a chanel with his Lordship's, no wonder I should be ready to serve him. Ther is a door opens from my apartment to the room he sleep in wich for the convenience of diffrent failmays had been shut up a very long time, but on this urgent occation was mad open, wich could not be don without my knowledge." So Lord Lovat walked through her mad open door into the street and drove away to freedom.

This spelling is a good deal simplified, but none the easier to read. To Mrs. Leith it seemed simple to write about "the Maurqekes," where it is our complicated custom to spell "Maurques" as "Marquis."

Nobody "financed" Mrs. Leith in her struggles for simplicity of spelling. But it is on record, in the *Academy*, that Professor Brander Matthews has drawn up a preliminary schedule of reforms in spelling, and that he is "the head of the Simplified Spelling Board which Mr. Andrew Carnegie finances."

Can we not spell simply, like Jeames Yellowplush, or Tabitha Bramble in "Humphry Clinker," without being financed by Mr. Andrew Carnegie? It is just as cheap to write "M'Arony," like Jeames, as to write "macaroni" in the manner of complicated spellers.

Mrs. Leith did not need financial assistance to enable her to write "Coup" for Cope (Sir John), "conspikous" for "conspicuous," "hops wer" for "hopes were," "coulerss" for "colours," and so on. A few persons then found it simpler to write "how" than "who," when "who" was what they meant. "Karnaigi" is simpler than "Carnegie," and gives the correct sound, which many Southrons suppose to be "Carnigy," with the accent on the first syllable. When she spelled in her simple way, Mrs. Leith was unconscious of having "mor than feamal courage," as she writes it. Her "5 aclok" is very simple and economical.

Professor Brander Matthews is my ançient friend. We have heard the chimes together at half-past ten "aclok" p.m., if not exactly at midnight. I am in a position to state that the Professor himself spells like a man of the world; if he means "Marquis" he never writes "Maurqekes." Is it not, I ask him, simpler to leave spelling alone? He may find forms of spelling simple which other people find highly complicated. Even with the aid of the President of the United States, who seems to have turned from the stubborn Chicago "canners" to spellers as stubborn, the Professor will discover that "a terrible row he'll have to hoe" before he introduces a uniformity of simplification.

Mr. Robert Bridges does not look for aid from Governments. Newspapers rule us, and he wants *them* to print "giv" for "give"—Heaven forgiv him!—and so on, gradually. But newspapers are conducted on commercial principles, and their editors will probably find that the gradual simplification of spelling is very expensive. These things may be done in "Noo Yok" (the desire is to preserve the *sound* of the language), and London journals *may* preserve the *sound* by spelling "paper" "piper." The heat of the weather prevents me from considering the subject more minutely, but, I ask, is "bauks" simpler than "box"?

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

R. BLUETT.—We do not know the name of the author, but our own judgment inclines to your view of it.

F. R. HILL (Surrey).—Will you send Studd's problem on a diagram? We think something must be omitted from your letter.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3230 and 3240 received from Fred Long (Santiago); of No. 3247 from Girindra Chandra Mukherji (Muktagacha, India); of No. 3249 from E. H. Alberti (Vienna) and S. L. Friedland (New York); of No. 3250 from C. Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3251 from Hereward, A. W. Hamilton Gell (Exeter), and A. G. Bagot (Dublin); of No. 3252 from T. Roberts, J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), B. Messenger (Bridgend), A. G. Bagot, T. Carnall (Birkenhead), Shadforth, E. J. Winter-Wood, H. W. Bick (Camberwell), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), and S. J. England (South Woodford).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3253 received from Hereward, G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), T. Roberts, J. A. S. Hanbury (Birmingham), The Tid, J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), R. Worters (Canterbury), A. Saunders (Liverpool), Shadforth, A. G. Bagot (Dublin), P. Daly (Brighton), E. J. Winter-Wood, F. Henderson (Leeds), G. Bakker (Rotterdam), Sorrento, Albert Wolff (Putney), F. Waller (Luton), C. E. Perugini, Rev. P. Lewis (Ramsgate), R. Bluett (Clifton), T. Carnall (Birkenhead), Major G. O. Warren (Paignton), B. Messenger (Bridgend), G. Collins (Burgess Hill), H. S. Brandreth (Montreux), and S. J. England (South Woodford).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3252.—By W. J. WOOD.

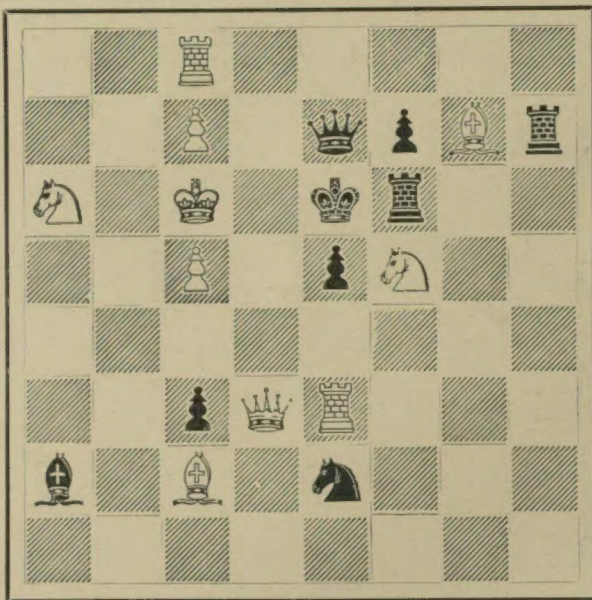
WHITE.
1. Kt to Kt 5th
2. Q to B 4th
3. Q or P mates

BLACK.
K takes Kt at K 4th
Any move

If Black play 1. K takes Kt, 2. Q to R 6th (ch); and if 1. any other; 2. Kt to K 6th (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 3255.—By J. M. K. LUPTON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played in the International Tournament at Nuremberg between Messrs. DURAS and COHN.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. D.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)	WHITE (Mr. D.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	10. Q to Q 3rd	K to R sq
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	20. Kt to K 3rd	B to Q 2nd
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	21. P to K B 4th	B to K B 3rd
4. B to R 4th	P to Q 3rd	22. P to B 3rd	Kt to K 2nd
5. P to Q 4th	B to K 2nd	23. Kt to Q 5th	
6. Castles	Kt to H 3rd	The difference in the positions is noteworthy. Black is quite shut up in his home lines.	
7. R to K sq	B to K 2nd	24. Kt takes B	Kt to Kt sq
8. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th	25. B to Q B 2nd	Q takes Kt
9. P takes P	Q Kt takes P	26. Q R to Q sq	Q to R 3rd
10. B to Kt 3rd	B to Kt 5th	27. P to K 5th	B to B 3rd
11. B to K B 4th	K Kt to Q 2nd	28. P takes P	P takes P
12. Kt to Q 5th	Castles	29. Q to B 5th	K R to K sq
Here White is afforded the chance of a very pretty piece of play, but it is probably as safe as anything.		30. Q to B 4th	Q to Kt 3rd
13. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes Kt	31. B to K Kt 3rd	P to B 3rd
Three pieces would be gained for the offered Queen by Kt to B 6th, should it be captured.		32. P takes P	P to Kt 3rd
14. Q to Q 2nd	B to R 5th	33. R to K 6th	Forcing a clever win.
15. P to R 4th	R to Kt sq	34. B to K 5th	B to Kt 2nd
16. P takes P	P takes P		Resigns
17. Q to B 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd		
18. B to Kt 3rd	R to B sq		

Another Game in the Tourney, between Messrs. SWIDERSKI and BOROWSKY.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	13. P to B 4th	B to K Kt 5th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q B 4th	14. P to B 2nd	P to Q 5th
3. P to K 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	15. P takes P	P to B 4th
4. P takes P	P to K 3rd	16. P takes P	P takes P
5. P to Q R 3rd	P to Q R 4th	17. B to Q 3rd	
6. B to K 2nd	B takes P	Scarcely advisable in view of what follows, but Black's centre Pawn is now becoming dangerous.	
7. Castles	Kt to B 3rd	18. P takes B	B takes Kt
8. Kt to B 3rd	Castles	19. K to B sq	Q to B 5th
9. Kt to Q Kt 5th		There is a pretty choice open here, but perhaps the nearest course is adopted.	
Where it is never afterwards of service in the game.		20. P takes Kt	P takes P
10. P to Q Kt 3rd	Q to K 2nd	21. Q to Q 2nd	P to K 6th
11. B to Kt 2nd	R to Q sq	22. Q to K sq	Q takes R P
12. Q to B sq	Kt to K 5th	23. B to K 4th	R to K B sq
13. R to Q sq		White resigns.	
P to B 4th to break up the opposing centre was now necessary. After Black's next move it is too late.			

Chess-players in the town of Worthing and district will be interested to learn that a club has recently been formed. The membership includes many of the leading local players, and a team is in process of formation to compete in the Brighton and District Team Chess League. All those who desire to join and to take part in the various matches and competitions of the coming season are advised to communicate with the hon. sec., Mr. A. Chaworth Todd, Airlie, Ripley Road, Worthing.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

ABOUT JELLYFISHES.

RECENT correspondence and annotations have revived an interest in the jellyfish class. Contrary to public opinion, the animals included within the limits of that division of the animal world present us with many features both remarkable and curious, not merely in respect of their structure, but still more in respect of their growth and development. A jellyfish is symbolical of all that is limp in nature. Each appears as a mass of jelly-like substance, variously coloured, with a body that for the most part has the shape of a bell. It is by the contractions of the bell or "umbrella" that the jellyfish swims. Expanding the bell, it fills that receptacle with water, then a short and sharp contraction expels the fluid, and by the recoil the Medusa is forced backwards through the sea. The common name of "Medusa" has been applied to the creatures we are considering in allusion to the long trailing tentacles with which many species are provided, recalling the locks of the classic lady.

Flabby and limp as our jellyfish may appear to be, it nevertheless possesses a definite structure of its own. If we investigate the commonest species which the receding tide strands on our shores—the *Aurelia aurita* of the zoologist—we find a body shaped more like an umbrella than a bell. Through the clear disc of the body you can discern certain pink-coloured organs which are the seats of the egg-production that is to lay the foundation of a new generation of Medusæ. Around the margin of the umbrella the naturalist would demonstrate to you the possession by the jellyfish of rudimentary eyes; while many species also exhibit ears in an early state of evolution. Sundry tracks or canals are to be seen running through the body, and these, it is believed, convey the products of digestion through the frame, thus discharging the duties of a circulatory system such as in higher animals are performed by the heart and blood-vessels. The mouth exists at the free end of a projection hanging from the middle of the umbrella's hollow, and resembling, therefore, the clapper or tongue of the bell. Within this clapper digestion of food is no doubt accomplished. The capture of prey in the shape of the minute crustaceans that swarm in the summer seas is easily contrived, for the shrimp-like creatures, swept into the umbrella when it expands to admit water, are brought within the range of the mouth and are duly ingested.

The movements of the Medusa clearly teach us that it possesses muscular developments, and these exist mostly in the shape of sheets of tissue, by the contraction of which the umbrella is opened and shut. Now, for the regulation of muscular movements, a nervous system or its equivalent is necessary. In the jellyfishes we probably meet with the first definite evolution of a nervous apparatus as we make tracks from below upwards in the animal world. The essential feature of such an apparatus consists in the development of nerve-cells as the controlling elements, and of nerve-fibres as the conveying or conducting ones. The nerve-cells are the batteries, and the nerve-fibres (forming nerves by their union) are the wires of the bodily telegraph system. In our jellyfishes such nervous elements do exist, and in a primitive way regulate the simple rhythmic movements which their bodies exhibit. The eyes will be useful chiefly for the distinction of light from darkness, and you may note this fact when the jellyfishes that have been disporting themselves by the hundred in the sunshine sink to deeper water when the sun is obscured, or when the night begins to fall.

That the Medusæ possess stinging-powers is an undoubted fact. In common with their more aristocratic relations, the sea-anemones and corals, they are well endowed with stinging-cells, or, as the naturalist calls them, "thread-cells," and "nematocysts." You can handle many jellyfishes without being stung, for the simple reason that their thread-cells are not strong enough to pierce the skin. In the case of the larger species, many with great tawny-coloured festoons of tentacles, the stinging-cells are not merely powerful enough to cause severe pain, but the inflammation set up may, in the case of attack by certain species, last for a lengthened period. There is one near relation of the jellyfishes, the *Physalia*, or "Portuguese Man-of-War," which is capable of stinging so severely that the symptoms last for many days, and in some cases resemble those of erysipelas. Happily, the *Physalia* is only a rare visitor to our waters, but in warm seas it is common enough.

Each stinging-cell consists of a very small sac or bag filled to bursting-point with a fluid, which is no doubt the poison or virus, and having coiled up in its interior a filament or thread, this last giving to the cell its characteristic name. Whenever a cell in such a tense state is touched it bursts, with the result that the thread is everted, and the fluid thrown out. If we regard the thread as the dart which attaches itself to the object attacked, and the fluid to be of poisonous nature, conveyed into the body of the victim by the minute wound made by the thread, we may form an adequate notion of the manner in which the Medusæ act on the offensive and defensive both.

In one species (*Tiaropsis indicans*) there exists a singularly beautiful arrangement whereby not only is the prey killed or paralysed by the stinging-cells, but information is also conveyed by the nervous system concerning the exact location of the bit-bits. The moment, say, a small shrimp touches the interior of the umbrella or bell of this Medusa, a reflex message passes from the point of contact to a nerve-centre, and thence is reflected to the central mouth. The mouth unerringly swings over to the part touched, and thus locates the prey. As the mouth is very abundantly supplied with stinging-cells, we may realise how admirably the capture is provided for.

ANDREW WILSON.

ANIMAL ACTORS AT HOME: TRAINING FARM FOR LONDON STARS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HALFTONES.



FIRE AND WATER DOGS.

Bobs and Motza take part in plays. They figured in "The Flood" at the Hippodrome, and they are also expert in the use of mimic fire-escapes.



NEARLY KILLED ON THE STAGE: PUDDING.

Pudding appeared at the Coliseum in "The Derby," and was nearly killed on the revolving stage owing to the fall of a horse immediately in front of him. He has been engaged for the autumn drama at Drury Lane.



TRAINING MASCOT FOR DRURY LANE.

This cow has never been on the stage before, so that she has to be "broken in" to an audience by doing simple tricks before a few people.



THE ANIMAL ACTORS' SUMMER HOLIDAY.

All the animals in this group are actors. Some of them took part in "The Flood" at the Hippodrome, where they had to plunge into the tank twice a day. They are sent all over England to fulfil engagements.



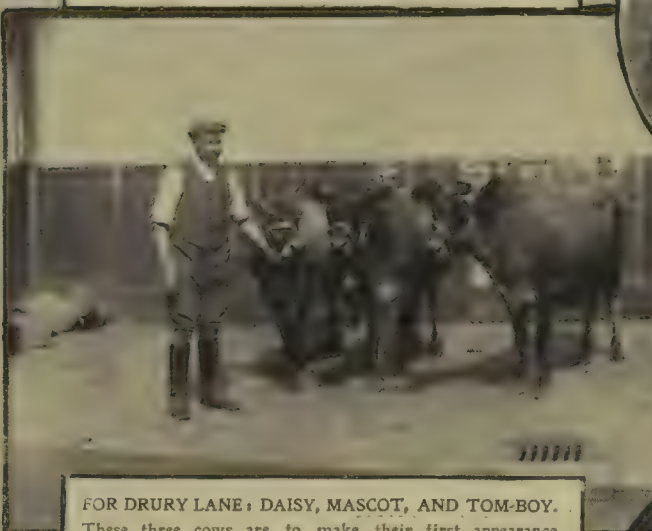
A GROUP OF DUMB THESPIANS.

Some of these have already made their debut. The white horse in the middle, Torry, is a star among animal actors. Seventeen years ago he appeared in "The English Rose" at the Adelphi.



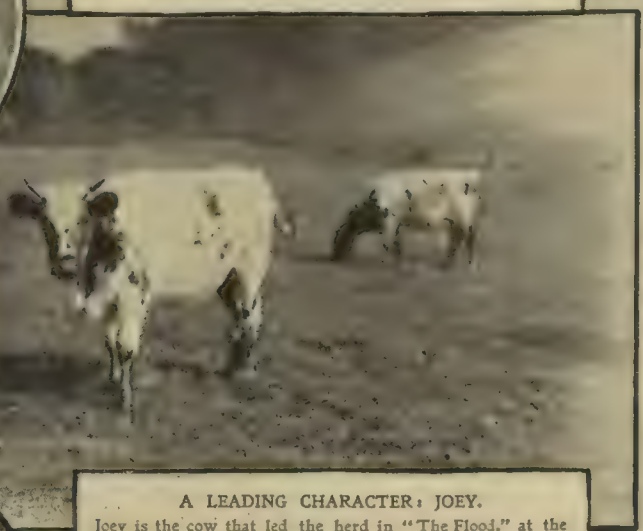
A THEATRICAL FAMILY: ROSE AND HER FOAL.

Last year, at Drury Lane, Rose was driven on to the stage by Mr. George Alexander.



FOR DRURY LANE: DAISY, MASCOT, AND TOM-BOY.

These three cows are to make their first appearance on any stage in "The Bondman," at Drury Lane. Mascot, in the middle, is to be milked on the stage by Miss Margery Day.



A LEADING CHARACTER: JOEY.

Joey is the cow that led the herd in "The Flood" at the Hippodrome. She has appeared at several theatres, and is in great demand for heavy cow-parts. Here she is in her natural environment.



A VETERAN ACTOR: BILLY AT AFTERNOON TEA.

Billy appeared long ago in "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," and he has had a wider provincial experience than any other animal actor.



THE ONLY FOX-ACTOR: M. RENARD.

Renard was one of the actors in "Tally Ho!" at the Hippodrome. He is perfectly tame, and is said to be the only fox who ever appeared in public with so good a chance of getting away.



CHAMPAGNE BY THE BUCKET.

This horse has appeared many times in London, and is now in "The Earthquake" at the Hippodrome. In the photograph he is rehearsing his "champagne" act. The bucket contains water only.

Theatres all over the country are supplied with trained horses, cows, sheep, dogs, and other animals by Mr. Hales, who practically holds a monopoly of this business. He has whole herds of cows, flocks of sheep, and ponies trained specially for the work. On two large farms—one at Edgware and one at Mill Hill close by—these animals are bred and kept. Whenever they take part in a London production they are brought to stables near Covent Garden. Many of these animals have been on extensive tours all over the United Kingdom. Some of them are of very great value. In the country they have the run of hundreds of acres. People driving past and admiring the splendid beasts little know that they have probably been entertained by these same animals in the London theatres.

OUR SCRAP-BOOK OF INTERESTING TOPICS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERR RUBRITIUS, CRIBB, VIEW AND PORTRAIT SUPPLY, AND KNOWLES.



THE KING'S PRIZE FOR GENTLEMEN.



THE KING ON THE LINKS.



THE KING'S PRIZE FOR LADIES.

THE KING'S PATRONAGE OF GOLF: HIS MAJESTY'S PRIZES FOR THE MARIENBAD CLUB.

In the Golf Competition at Marienbad the King's prize was a gold cigarette-case bearing his Majesty's initials in rubies and diamonds; the ladies' prize was a gold net hand-bag, the clasp of which was studded with rubies and diamonds. The King chose the prizes himself. Mr. Ernest Scott, of the British Embassy, won the gentlemen's prize, and Mrs. Hall Walker the ladies'. The King presented the prizes in person.



THE NEW COALING EXPERIMENTS IN SOUTHAMPTON WATER: THE NEW STATION.

The Admiralty has just acquired a new station from the Southampton Harbour Board. Apparatus for the swift coaling of war-vessels has been put into position and is now in working order.



OUT OF COMMISSION: THE OLD MANX PLEASURE-STEAMER "BEN-MA-CHREE."

The four-funnelled pleasure-steamer "Ben-Ma-Chree," which has for thirty-one years been familiar to Isle of Man excursionists, has now made her last trip, and will be withdrawn from the route.



A THREATENED BEAUTY OF SURREY: FRENSHAM LAKE.

Frensham Lake, on the slope of Hindhead, has been threatened by the operations of the Wey Valley Water Company, which has begun to sink wells in Whitmore Bottom. This may permanently reduce the stream that feeds the lake.

GERMANY'S IDOL: THE KAISER'S GRANDSON AND HIS PARENTS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BILDER, BERLIN.



THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS WITH THEIR INFANT SON, PRINCE WILHELM FRIEDRICH FRANZ JOSEF CHRISTIAN OLAF.

The Crown Prince's son was born at the Marble Palace in Potsdam on July 4. The Kaiser, who was cruising in Norwegian waters, was informed of the event by wireless telegraphy. The infant Prince was christened on August 29. King Edward was one of the godfathers and was represented at the ceremony.

SOME AUTUMN LEAVES.

A NEAT irony prevails in many of Mr. Maarten Maartens' longer stories, and his collection in "The Woman's Victory" (Constable) expresses it as concisely as the novels. His men and women face each other on a duelling-ground chosen for them by the unseen Power; rapiers flash; blood flows—sometimes; sometimes a scratch suffices for honour, and the author is heard to laugh at the futility of the affair. This treatment of human frailties has a crispness distinctly bracing. You could not feel languid over "The Woman's Victory," not even in a hammock under a mulberry-tree. Mr. Maarten Maartens finds pleasure in exercising his caustic talent upon some of the more prosperous participants in our modern civilisation—the cosmopolitan financier, the popular cleric; and yet the best piece of work in the book is, after all, purely idealistic and romantic in its action. This is "The Marseillaise," a story of the last French occupation of the Netherlands, in which a young Dutch lady of noble birth is compelled by the French commandant to sing "The Marseillaise" to his soldiers to save her lover from execution. "She stood on the balcony, immovable; the tide of her magnificent melody poured down across the sleeping city the familiar fury of the Frenchman's Call to Arms; but the words which took swift shape as the music bore them upwards were those of the historic song of the old Princes of Orange, the Reformation Song of William the Silent, the story and the glory of the nation for all time." The sharp little word-picture of her defiance is hard to beat.

Mrs. Chesson was one of those rare mortals who are permitted to pass through the world—in her case, the world of "popular" literature, a region in which it is notoriously difficult for a writer to be the captain of his soul—unwearied by its importunity and undefiled by the dust of its battle. She was, as Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer points out in his foreword to her "Selected Poems" (Alston Rivers), "aloof"; and peculiarly aloof in her poetry, which brought its songs of fairy into the London periodicals with a simple disregard of the bustle of its audience and its environment. These songs sprang up unsought, as all true songs must: their author sang because—she sang, of her own kingdom, which was a Celtic one. The reviewer finds it necessary to quote from the five slim little volumes—how else express the exquisite, cool elusiveness of their verses?—but the trouble is to know what to select where so much is magical, and nothing commonplace or mean. "Laïs" is perfect—

She was the lightest woman in the land:
The homeless thistledown into your hand
You might charm sooner or the wild fire thrall,
Than bring her wandering fancy to your call.

"The Woman's Marriage Song" surges forward with a joy that is both wistful and stately; it is a revelation of the heart of a noble woman, too intimate for the curious gaze. And the Irish fairies, the magic Piper—and the rest, are *real* fairies, for the children stop playing to hear of them. Nora Chesson, dreaming by upon the road, could tell a true fairy when she spied it in the greenwood.

The speed of Mr. Yoxall's books is always lively, and "Beyond the Wall" (Hutchinson) maintains the pace of its predecessors. There is a pursuit in it, the High Mother of a convent scampering after a runaway novice, which whirls past the spectator, and leaves him with a short breath for the capture, and the escape, and the sword-play which bring it to a close. As a rule, plots belonging to the eighteenth century are apt to be a little—just a little—sentimentally tiresome; the people's hoops and ruffles get in the way, and their stately courtesies mask the action of vital emotions. This is not the case in "Beyond the Wall," where the romance of Nanine throbs in realistic accuracy under her simple exterior and her quaint disguise. It seems ungrateful to quarrel with the construction of a good novel, but we cannot help observing that the violence of the opening chapter, "Before the Beginning," fails to synchronise with the rest of the book. "Moon-blanching against a violet sky, a Clocktower stood up from the edge of a Square, its marble pallid as if with terror, and its toes in giving tongue in a view-halloo. . . ." "The impressive slope . . . seemed deliberately to be making itself more slippery, by condensing the dampness of the incumbent air; he [the Venetian prisoner escaping from the Leads] was thinly clad, and could almost feel Death's frigid clutch." After such purple patches, who would expect the artistic nicety of the crisis and the finale? The faint-hearted might well flinch at these first lurid pages; in which case he would lose the pleasure of a stirring story.

Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne finds no quarter of the globe too remote for the escapades of his seafaring adventurers. Everybody, of course, knows Captain Kettle by this time: the indomitable little red-bearded ruffian whose experiences on the high seas were so many and so varied; everybody, it may be premised safely, will soon know his contemporary, Commander J. K. McTurk, U.S.N., a gentleman after Kettle's own heart. Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne has been kind enough to bring them together on some thrilling occasions in "The Trials of Commander McTurk" (Murray), and it is satisfactory to note that Kettle "kept his end up" to the heroes' mutual satisfaction. Commander McTurk was a red-hot American suffering a temporary eclipse from the patronage of the Washington Navy Board; hence his

liberty to embark upon any hazardous undertakings (so long as they did not run counter to his patriotism) which fate and a certain Mr. Israel McMechie might see fit to provide. He annexed a Pacific islet; he played at pirates in the Western Ocean; he was wooed (and very nearly won) by a mysterious Sultana who lived behind the swamps of a West African river; he sported with a South American revolution, and made elaborate game of the august captain of a German cruiser. Mr. Hyne rollicks with his creation; but some of his national characterisations are shrewdly happy. "France had sent a cruiser to the scene of the outrages [which were McTurk's little joke with a dummy torpedo gun-boat]; the United States sent what cruisers could be spared; the German Emperor ordered one squadron of battleships to be commissioned forthwith, and another squadron to be built." It is a hit, a very palpable hit.

The English people have awakened to the success of industrial Germany with a bewilderment that seems disposed to attribute the growth of the German Empire to a malicious rivalry specially designed for the discomfiture of easy-going neighbours. Under these circumstances, the publication of "Queen Louisa of Prussia" (Methuen), by Miss M. M. Moffat, is something more than the production of an excellent biography of a good woman; it is a timely reminder of the fundamental causes of the modern situation. The discipline which the Prussian nation underwent in its struggle for liberty laid the foundations of its present greatness. It emerged from the deep waters—and how deep they were any middle-aged German who has heard his grandmother's tales of the French invasion can relate—with a lesson in

and corkscrutiny of each separate lock." "The display of full-grown Buffalo-bility"; "bowed with cogibundity of cogitation"; "we gaze in blithering awe"; and "Lavante," the satire which Mr. Leigh congratulates himself on having unearthed, though Poe's obligation is doubtful, is described as "a striking poem by a striker poet on his stricken contemporaries." Some drawings intended to prove that the two sides of Poe's face were dissimilar should be forgotten as soon as possible. They are by Mr. Leigh. Fate has been kinder to de Musset, Baudelaire, and Verlaine, for all these, according to Mr. Leigh, are "useless drivellers" and not likely, therefore, to suffer from him further. Baudelaire, writing of Griswold's biography, asked whether in America they have no law against letting curs into the cemeteries. In Chicago, at least, they should prohibit the cake-walk over graves. The work is brought to a conclusion by an effort of some twenty stanzas, called "The Organ." Its claims to consideration are numbered: (1) it is the first attempt to fashion a piece on Poe's model ("The Raven"); (2) within Mr. Leigh's recollection "no poet except Adelaide Procter, in 'The Lost Chord,' seems to have tackled this most alluring subject, the organ." Its grinder is Mr. Leigh.

Mr. H. W. Nevinson is so emphatically a revolutionist by temperament that his account of "The Dawn in Russia; or, Scenes in the Russian Revolution" (Harpers) cannot be described as free from prejudice. He, like Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, takes a view of that very futile body, the late-lamented Duma, which we strongly suspect that history will not justify. But Mr. Nevinson is much more honest than the ordinary English sentimentalist: he dislikes the principle of authority, wherever he finds it, and his book is, therefore, a welcome exception to the series of works written principally to thank God that we are not as these Russians. He has the wit to see that any Government must disperse riotous mobs by killing individuals, and he takes the perfectly logical standpoint that Governments are wicked. Most of us pretend that no British Government ever put down rebellion with a strong hand, and that the Russian authorities act criminally in doing anything of the kind. The intelligent reader of the book will see that the Russian authorities are culpable for quite different reasons. They have shown extraordinary incapacity, and have been quite unscrupulous in organising "loyalist" mobs of hooligans and turning them loose on inoffensive people. At the same time, the revolutionaries have not been distinguished by practical efficiency. Mr. Nevinson very sensibly deprecates the parallels with the French Revolution which suggest themselves so constantly, and gives a valuable account of the actual course of events in Russia up to last May. He writes very well indeed, though he has a way of obtruding his own views on irrelevant matters. His chapters on Poland and Lithuania strike us as especially valuable. We cannot imagine why the authorities did not hang him during the Moscow street-fighting, but it would have been a pity if so fearless and vivacious a writer had suffered for his zeal.

Mr. Arthur D. Innes, who published last year a volume on England under the Tudors, has followed it up with one on "Ten Tudor Statesmen" (Nash). It is a sound and useful piece of work, so planned and carried out as to make it both interesting and instructive to the general reader. For the young student, also, it will serve the double purpose of acquainting him with the general configuration of the period, and inciting him to more particular research on his own account. In an opening sketch of Henry VII. we have outlined the main lines of the policy at home and abroad by which that able and unlovable ruler restored England to the influential position in which his son found her when he came to the throne. Next we have studies of Wolsey, Sir Thomas More, and Thomas Cromwell, and of Henry VIII. himself; then of the Protector Somerset and Cranmer, and finally of Elizabeth's two great Ministers, Burghley and Walsingham, and of the brilliant and unlucky Raleigh. It seems a pity that Elizabeth herself was not included in the company. The author, of course, disclaims any ambition of writing in these ten sketches the history of the Tudor period, and he shows none to revolutionise the general conception of it. But the course of Tudor politics, and the political ideals of those who mainly directed it, are displayed with clearness and great fairness, and in the most agreeable framework, that of biography. Mr. Innes writes brightly as well as impartially, and he has the knack of interesting us in the characters of the actors in the drama which he unfolds. How dramatic were their rôles is shown by the fact that not a single one of the eight Ministers among them was of noble birth, while two of them were not even of gentle birth, and that five of them ended their careers on the scaffold or at the stake. Mr. Innes' book is well able to hold the reader's interest of itself, but it is greatly assisted by the ten portraits which illustrate it. In following the author in the career of More, for example, we found ourselves turning again and again to the reproduction of the wonderful Holbein in the National Portrait Gallery.



QUEEN LOUISA.

After the Portrait by Tischbein.

Reproduced from "Queen Louisa of Prussia" by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Methuen, and the Berlin Photographic Company.

the values of sturdy application, economy, and readiness that it has since put to far wider purposes than those for which it mastered it. Heroic endurance and self-sacrifice brought Prussia alive out of the valley of humiliation wherein Napoleon stripped Friedrich Wilhelm of his provinces and his pride together. There was only one royal personage who emerged from encounter with the Corsican with enhanced honour; and she was Queen Louisa, the hesitating King's beautiful Consort. Her husband gave himself up to despondency—with substantial reason: the Queen, her personal appeal rejected, flung herself into the task of stimulating the national spirit by an example of cheerful service and courage. She died untimely, in the darkest hour before the dawn; but it was her son who rose from his knees beside her tomb at Charlottenburg to lead his army to a war that expunged the shame of 1806 by the triumph of 1870, and that left him, the ruler of the kingdom Napoleon had dismembered piecemeal, as the Emperor of a United Germany. The story is finely told here; and it ought to be widely read.

"We take a few words here and there from these fine discourses, as one sprinkles fragrant perfume over a mildewed carpet, that they may clear the fetid atmosphere which hangs over the ghoulsh literature about Poe." See page 60 of Mr. Leigh's book, "Edgar Allan Poe: The Man, the Master, the Martyr." (The Frank M. Morris Company, Chicago.) "The duality of Poe's nature had long exercised the wits of one" (our author) "addicted to the science of bumpology in his teens." "Poe had the brand of wig that anyone could part anywhere, and itself everywhere, as witness these painful efforts to depict the hue, sheen, style,

THE HARVARD-CAMBRIDGE STRUGGLE FROM START TO FINISH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BAKER AND MUGGERIDGE, ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, AND TOPICAL.



Cambridge.

Harvard.

CAMBRIDGE FIRST OFF THE MARK AT THE PISTOL-SHOT.



CAMBRIDGE LEAD AT HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE



CAMBRIDGE STILL LEADING OFF HAMMERSMITH MALL



CAMBRIDGE'S ADVANTAGE MAINTAINED OFF CHISWICK.



THE POSITIONS AT HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE.



THE CREWS NEARING THE WINNING-POST AT MORTLAKE.

On September 8, the day of the great race, Harvard and Cambridge went down to the mark shortly before 4.30, and were started by Mr. R. C. Lehmann, M.P. At the pistol-shot Cambridge were first off the mark, and drew ahead at once, keeping their advantage all through. In the first minute Cambridge got in thirty-nine to Harvard's thirty-six. During the race Harvard settled down to a consistent thirty-one, Cambridge

TIMES AND DISTANCES.		Lengths.
Craven Steps, 2 min. 19 sec.	3
The Mile, 4 min. 7 sec.	1½
Hammersmith Bridge, 7 min. 23 sec.	2½
Chiswick Ferry, 11 min. 51 sec.	3
Barnes Bridge, 16 min. 5 sec.	3
Full course, 19 min. 18 sec.	2

rowing a shade faster. At Hammersmith there was about two and a half lengths between the boats, and it was not until near Barnes Bridge that the American stroke made any determined effort to lessen the distance, although he and his men rowed the whole course with admirable pluck. The effort, however, did not trouble Cambridge, who, rowing with beautiful precision, passed the winning-post two clear lengths ahead.

RECORD BOAT-RACE CROWDS: HALF-A-MILLION PEOPLE LINE THE COURSE FROM START TO FINISH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROUGH AND THE ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



THE CROWD APPROACHING HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE.



THE CROWD AT MORTLAKE.



THE CROWD AT BARNES.



THE CROWD BESIDE HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE.

Of the crowd at the Cambridge-Harvard race one of the Cambridge crew said: "It seemed so extraordinary that all those countless throngs of people should care to come and see us row a boat-race. Certainly, I have never seen a finer sight in my life (and probably never shall) than the vast panorama of human beings thronging every conceivable point of vantage on every hand, as we paddled up to the stake-boat for the start. In every direction, even in the sky—where a captive balloon hung above us—there seemed to be myriads of one's fellow-creatures. It seemed to me rather brutal that all these people should crowd together to watch us suffer considerable discomfort for nineteen long minutes."

MISS LILY BRAYTON (ISEULT).

ARTHURIAN LEGEND AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE:

MR. OSCAR ASCHE (MARK).

MR. COMYNS CARR'S "TRISTRAM AND ISEULT."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIS AND WALERY.



Miss Edith Wynne-Matthison
(Brangwaine).

Miss Lily Brayton
(Iseult).

Mr. Matheson Lang
(Tristram).

Mr. Charles Rock
(Sir Andred).

Mr. H. R. Hignett
(Gormon).

Miss Gertrude Scott
(Oren).

ACT II.—THE SCENE AFTER THE TOURNAMENT.

GORMON: What is that boon?

TRISTRAM: Thy daughter, fair Iseult, To be the royal bride of him I serve.

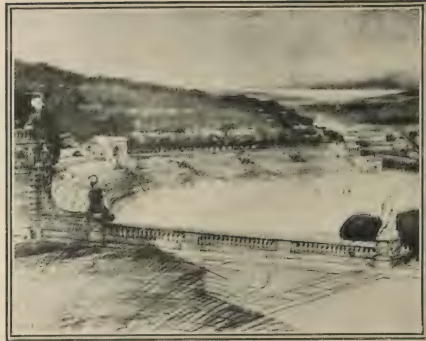


[Copyright Berlin Photographic Co.]

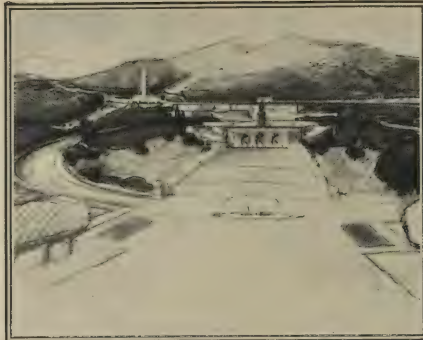
CUPID ON THE ALERT.

FROM THE PAINTING BY E. MUNIER.

A PHENIX CITY: SAN FRANCISCO'S PLANS FOR HER SPEEDY



THE PROPOSED ATHLETIC STADIUM OVERLOOKING THE GOLDEN GATE.
If the Burnham plans are carried out, great open spaces with architectural decorations will be one of the distinguishing features of the new San Francisco. The athletic stadium will, to a certain extent, resemble the ancient Circus Maximus at Rome, but it will have a wider arena.



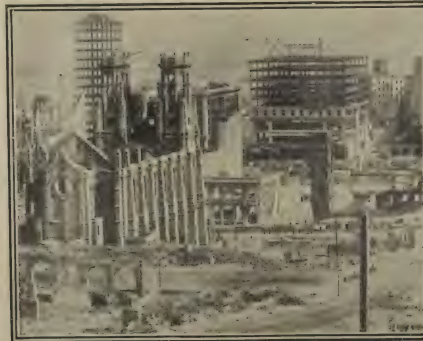
THE PROPOSED IMPROVEMENTS AT THE HEAD OF MARKET STREET.
At this point it is proposed to make a formal arrangement of terraces connected by contour roads. The whole architectural scheme will be surmounted by a columnar monument leading the eye up to the Twin Peaks. This is one of the Burnham plans.



PHOTOGRAPH CONTINUED BY
SAN FRANCISCO AS THE EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE LEFT IT: BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM
PHOTOGRAPH BY



THE PROPOSED CIVIC CENTRE OF THE NEW SAN FRANCISCO.
According to this part of the Burnham plans, the great Civic Building would face the boulevard encircling the great open space at the intersection of Market Street, Van Ness Street, and the proposed extension of the Embarcadero.



PHOTOGRAPH CONTINUED BY
THE REBUILDING BEGUN: A PHOTOGRAPH
The fire had hardly subsided when business was resumed, and temporary frame buildings were put up. The fire had hardly subsided when business was resumed, and temporary frame buildings were put up. The fire had hardly subsided when business was resumed, and temporary frame buildings were put up.

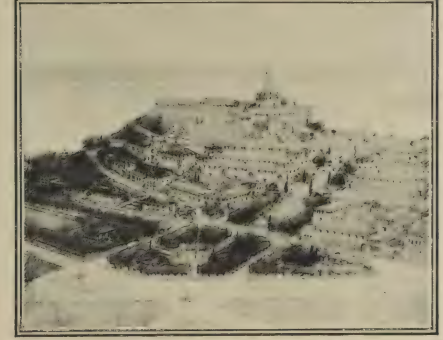
The famous Burnham plans for the improvement of San Francisco were begun on September 20, 1904. The committee's report embodying them was presented last year. The citizens destroyed in the fire, but, fortunately, photographs remained, and these we have been enabled to reproduce from the American "World's Work." In general, the "Burnham plans"

RESURRECTION FROM THE RUINS OF EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE.



THE PRESIDIO AS IT MAY BE MADE.

The Presidio, or military drill ground of San Francisco, is at present an open grassy space. According to this plan, it would be surrounded with stone terraces capable of accommodating a thousand spectators. The sketch is from the Burnham plans.



THE BURNHAM PLAN FOR IMPROVING TELEGRAPH HILL.

Telegraph Hill commands the best view of the city and harbour of San Francisco. It is proposed to rebuild it with terraces and contour roads. Near the top will be an encircling drive, and above all some public monument.



A CAPTIVE AIR-SHIP 600 FEET ABOVE FOLSOM, BETWEEN FIFTH AND SIXTH STREETS.
O. B. LAWRENCE, CHICAGO.



TAKEN SOON AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE.

up for immediate use. The place of the useless directory was taken by a Central Committee, which spirit of the people was indomitable. Even on ruined premises posters appeared at once announcing carried on as usual.



THE IMMEDIATE RECOVERY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

This photograph was taken a few days after the earthquake, when considerable progress had been made in clearing California Street to make room for new buildings. The centre of the street was already opened for traffic.

intended to rebuild and beautify their city during the next fifty years. The earthquake has given them their opportunity sooner than they expected. The original Burnham plans were provide for an ideal city, circled by a water-front boulevard, arranged for the most convenient dispatch of all public business, and on the side of comfort and pleasure and beauty.

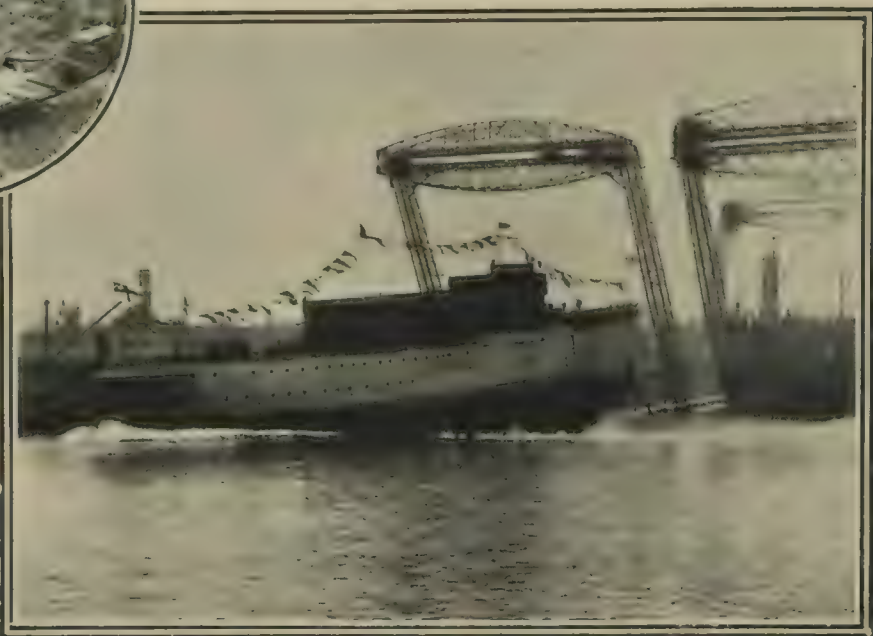
SNAPSHOT CURIOSITIES OF HOME, FOREIGN, AND COLONIAL NEWS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS, NEWBOLD,

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ANCIENT
BRITISH
CANOE
FOUND
AT
BYFLEET.



A TWENTIETH-CENTURY MAN IN THE ANCIENT BRITISH CANOE.

OUR LATEST IRONCLAD: THE LAUNCH OF H.M.S. "LORD NELSON."

THE ANCIENT BRITISH BOAT'S
DIMENSIONS.

Length	11 feet 3 in.
Width	2 feet.
Depth	15 inches.
Weight	2½ cwt.

TWO THOUSAND YEARS IN SHIP-BUILDING: FROM ANCIENT BRITISH DUG-OUT
CANOE TO IRONCLAD LEVIATHAN.

The canoe was found in fifteen feet of water in the river Wey. It dates from pre-Roman times. When discovered it was in good preservation; but it was damaged in raising. It was purchased by Mr. Howard, of Wesley, from Mr. T. Denby, of Byfleet. Mr. Howard appears in the first photograph. The "Lord Nelson" was launched on September 4 from Messrs. Palmer's yard at Jarrow-on-Tyne. She is of the "Dreadnought" class; her other sister is the "Agamemnon."

THE "LORD NELSON'S"
DIMENSIONS.

Length	410 feet.
Beam	79 feet 6 in.
Draught	27 feet.
Tonnage	16,500.



THE RESULT OF ONE NIGHT'S POISON: DEAD 'RABBITS ON A WEST AUSTRALIAN
STATION.



THE EFFECT OF THE RABBIT-PROOF FENCE: NEW SOUTH WALES EATEN BARE;
QUEENSLAND GRASS SAFE.

THE RABBIT-PEST IN AUSTRALIA: POISON AND THE RABBIT-PROOF FENCE.

Australia, in despair at the rabbit-plague, is now trying poison. The result of one night's poison is shown in one of our photographs. In the other is the border fence between Queensland and New South Wales, near Mungindi. On the right, behind the fence, is the rich long grass of Queensland. In front is the land of New South Wales, denuded of herbage by the rabbits, many of which are to be seen lying dead. One in the immediate foreground is alive. One man can catch and skin three hundred rabbits in a day, and although many catchers are at work they can do little to reduce the plague. The rabbit-proof fence has, however, done much to protect Queensland.



SCOOP AND BIN IN ONE: THE NEW STREET-CLEANING APPARATUS IN BERLIN.



WASTE-PAPER BASKETS ON LAMP-POSTS IN A BERLIN SUBURB.

THE KAISER'S TIDY CAPITAL: WASTE-CLEARING CONTRIVANCES IN THE STREETS.

The Berlin scavengers have a new portable receptacle for rubbish. With it goes a scoop into which they sweep the refuse first, and then empty it into the machine. On every third lamp-post in one of the suburbs the authorities have fixed an iron cage for waste paper.

A PRINCE HIS OWN CHIEF JUSTICE: THE MONTENEGRIN JUDGMENT-TREE.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN MONTENEGRO.



THE PRINCE OF MONTENEGRO DISPENSING JUSTICE UNDER THE JUDGMENT-TREE OUTSIDE HIS PALACE AT CETTINJE.

The Prince of Montenegro, on certain days, sits under the judgment-tree outside his palace at Cetinje to hear complaints and try offenders. The parties conduct their own cases, and the Prince gives decisions in the combined character of Sovereign and Judge. Trivial disputes are settled by the local Knezes, who generally act as peacemakers. The supreme court of Cetinje is called the Veliki Sud. It has jurisdiction, both appellate and concurrent, over the whole principality, and from its decision in civil matters there is no appeal. In criminal cases, however, the Prince may pardon or may mitigate sentences. Crime in general is rare.

FROM MOROCCAN SUNS TO ARCTIC SNOWS.



THE RECREATION OF A MOROCCAN MINISTER IN DISGRACE: EL MENEBHI PLAYING TENNIS.

El Menebhi, former Minister of War in Morocco, who once stood high in the confidence of the Sultan, was by some caprice of his master sent into retirement. He resides in his palace at Tangier, and enjoys, under the protection of England, the great fortune which he amassed during his official life. He has taken up European games, and has had a tennis-court laid out in his palace courtyard. There, several times a week, he gives parties to his young European friends, and the ex-Minister himself handles a racquet as dextrously as he once handled political affairs.



1. THE FRAMEWORK OF THE BALLOON-SHELTER AT SPITZBERGEN.
3. WELLMAN'S SHIP, THE "FRIDJOF," AT THE SPITZBERGEN BASE.

2. CAIRN COMMEMORATING ANDRÉ'S ATTEMPT FROM WELLMAN'S BASE.
4. THE WELLMAN OUTFIT AT THE SPITZBERGEN BASE.

TO THE POLE BY AIR-SHIP: PREPARATIONS FOR MR. WELLMAN'S ATTEMPT, ABANDONED FOR THIS YEAR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILSE

We give further illustrations of the scientific village which Mr. Walter Wellman has established at Spitzbergen as a base of exploration for his Polar Expedition. The most interesting points of these photographs are the arched iron framework of the shelter for the air-ship, and the cairn erected to commemorate André's luckless balloon voyage, which started from the same place.

MODERN WORSHIP OF PAGAN GODS: THE CULT OF ISIS IN PARIS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE.



DECORATIONS OF THE SHRINE: OSIRIS AND NEPHTHYS.

These cartoons adorn the room in Count MacGregor's house, where the rites of Isis are celebrated.



A MODERN SHRINE OF ISIS: THE HOUSE IN PARIS WHERE THE GODDESS IS WORSHIPPED.

The house is in the suburbs of Paris. It belongs to Count MacGregor, who has constituted himself the Hierophant. His official name is Ramses.



THE HIEROPHANT AND THE HIGH PRIESTESS IN THEIR ROBES.

Count and Countess MacGregor appear in their priestly robes. The Countess takes the name of High Priestess Anari.



THE HIEROPHANT RAMSES, PAINTED BY HIS WIFE.



THE PRIESTESS OF ISIS ENTERING THE TEMPLE.
FROM THE PAINTING BY THEODORE THOMAS.



THE HIEROPHANT RAMSES IN HIS PRIESTLY ROBES.



THE WINGED GODDESS ISIS.

Before this figure in Count MacGregor's house the rites of the winged goddess are performed. Isis is the Greek Demeter.



ONE OF THE ASSISTANTS IN THE WORSHIP OF ISIS.

The priestess holds in one hand the sistrum or ceremonial rattle, in the other a lotus, the symbol of resurrection.



THE GODDESS AND HER PRIESTESS.

The figure in the foreground is the Countess MacGregor bearing the lotus-flower and the sistrum.

Count and Countess MacGregor, who have revived the rites of Isis in Paris, are the descendants of that Count MacGregor whose title was created by the Pretender. In their house they have a temple of Isis, where stands the figure of the goddess and her altar. The goddess is draped in vestments of silk and gold, and before her burn perpetually three green stone lamps; flowers are strewn upon her altar, the lotus, the symbol of resurrection, predominating. In her hand Isis bears a rose-wand signifying fruitfulness. During the ceremonies the High Priest Ramses rattles the sistrum. The instrument is an ellipse of brass mounted on a handle; from side to side of the ellipse pass four brass rods on which are loose rings to produce the sound when the sistrum is shaken. The ellipse of brass signifies the arch of Heaven, the rods the four elements. The High Priest wears a flowing silken surplice covered by a leopard's skin.



1. THE ARRIVAL OF THE COFFIN AT THE CHURCHYARD.

2. THE KING'S WREATH.

3. LOWERING THE COFFIN.

THE FUNERAL OF LADY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN: THE LAST RITES AT MEIGLE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.

Lady Campbell-Bannerman was buried on September 5 in the churchyard of Meigle, Perthshire, the parish in which she had spent almost all her life. His Majesty, who sent a magnificent wreath, was represented at the funeral by Lord Colebrooke. Among the mourners were Mr. John Morley, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, the Lord Advocate, Mr. John Sinclair, Lord Elgin, Lord Reay, Lord Kinnaird, and Lord Tweedmouth. The funeral service was held at Belmont Castle according to the Presbyterian rites, and there was no service at the grave.



FIGHTING THE WHITE DEATH: THE INTERNATIONAL TUBERCULOSIS CONFERENCE AT THE HAGUE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CONVIE.

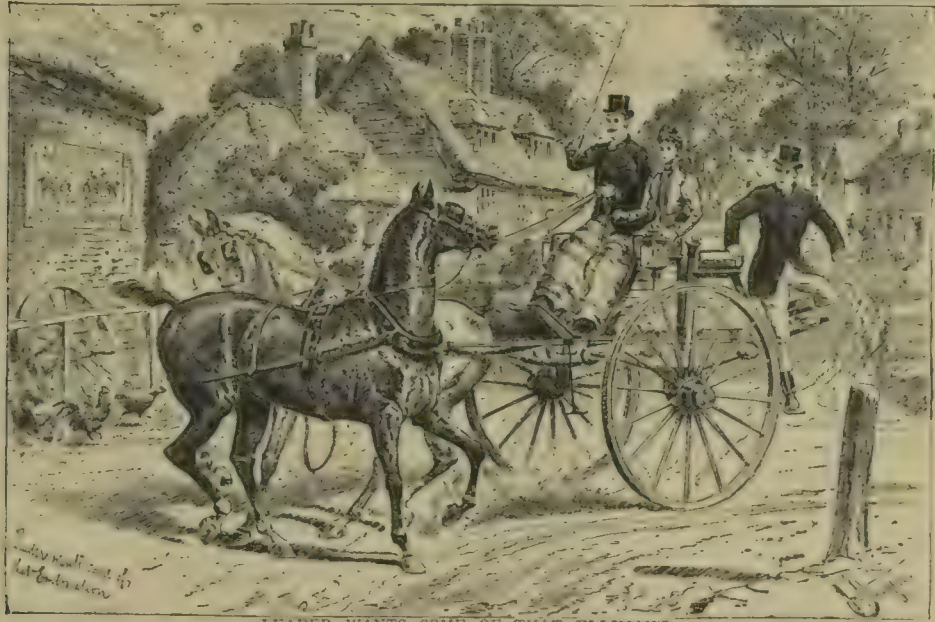
The International Conference on Tuberculosis was opened on September 6 at the Hague, in the presence of Prince Henry of the Netherlands. An address was delivered by M. Ranitz, representing the Queen-Mother; and Dr. Calmette, of Lille, speaking on behalf of Professor Landoury, paid a tribute to the work of the late Dr. Brouardel, whose struggle against tuberculosis developed the international movement. M. Bourgeois, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, was appointed President-General of the Anti-Tuberculosis Association, and a telegram of congratulation was dispatched to him.

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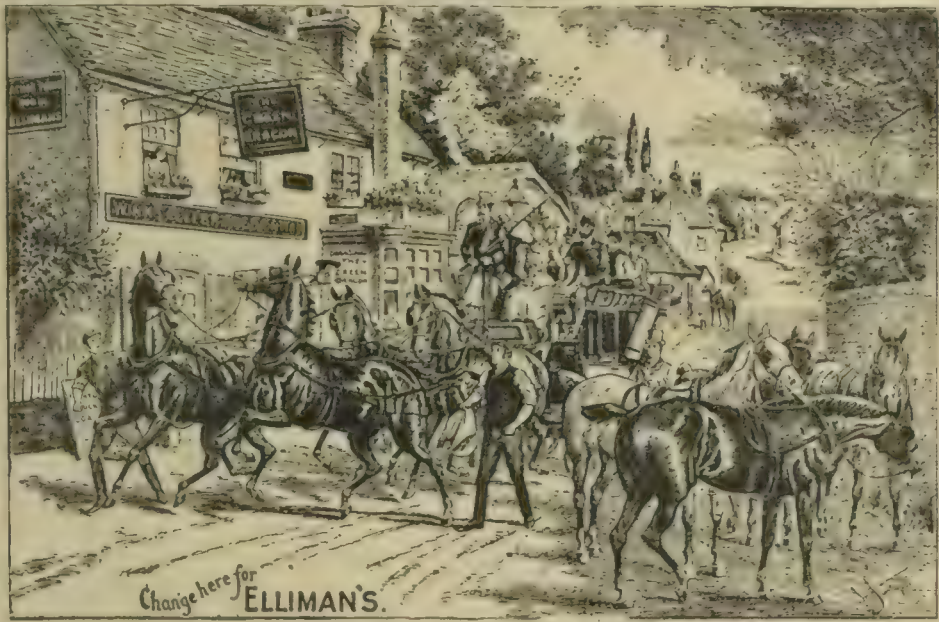
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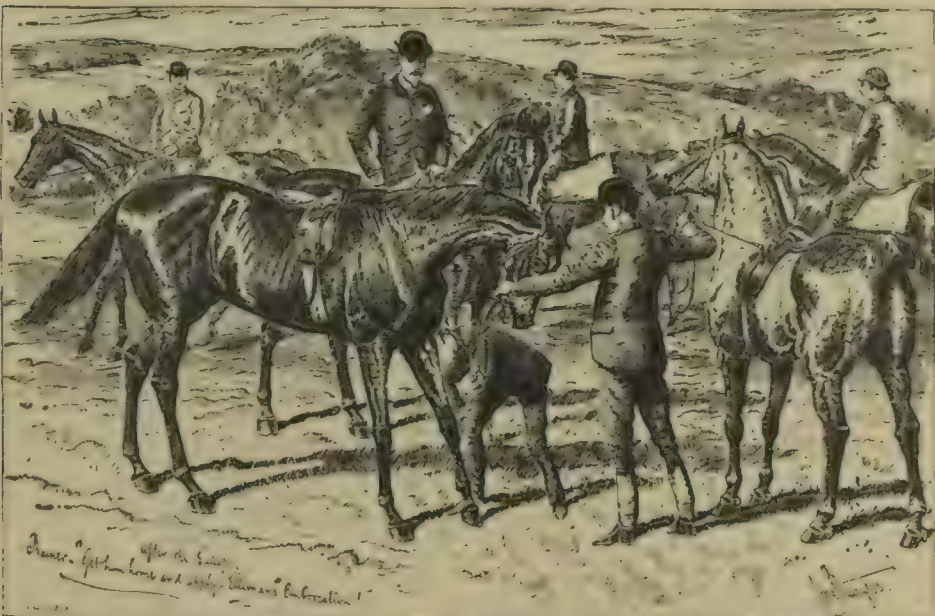


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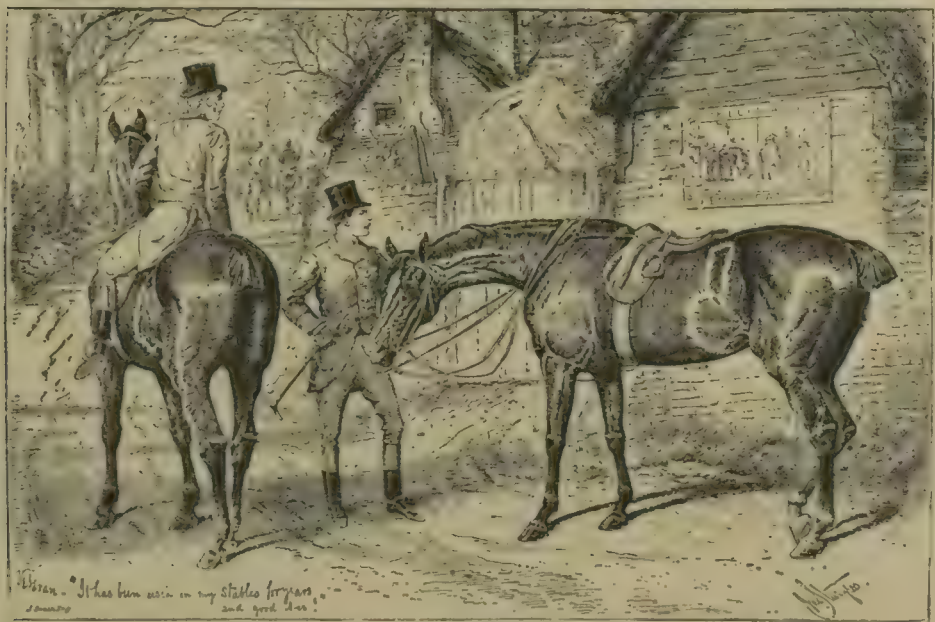
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ELLIMAN'S SCORED AGAIN!



VETERAN: "IT HAS BEEN USED IN MY STABLES FOR YEARS, AND GOOD IT IS!"



ELLIMAN'S USEFUL TO FIREMEN.



TAKES FIRST PRIZE AND GIVES THANKS TO ELLIMAN'S.



SERGEANT "ELLIMAN'S I WILL HAVE OR I WILL HAVE NONE!"

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LADIES' PAGES.

THERE is no more contemptible or more cowardly social offence than slander, even when it goes no farther than that vague depreciation that is like a mist breathed on a mirror. The most spotless and brilliant record can be tarnished like the mirror for the time being by a venomous breath. Not only is this cruel to the victim; but when envy and hatred are aroused by superior eminence to the point of constant repetition of such malicious depreciation, the noblest reputation may be spoiled in the common eyes by the reckless slanderer, and so those most capable of being valuable social leaders and benefactors, discouraged and obstructed, are presently "lost to use, and name and fame." Is it the case that women are particularly prone to this meanest of social sins? There are plenty of male spiteful gossips, and as far as I have observed, men are very ready to remark to their wives, "Oh, 'they say' so-and-so about Mrs. Dash; I think you had better not invite her to your parties." But for sheer anxiety to belittle and pull down one another, I fear it is true that women must be most condemned. Thus they crush the strongest and noblest of their own sex, and all of them suffer accordingly.

The sin is no modern invention. With curious frequency Shakspeare makes his plot turn on the ruin of noble and pure beings through the infamous falsehood and slander of jealous inferiors—mental and moral inferiors, that is to say. Desdemona, Hermione, Hero are all thus murdered in social life; but in each case the great poet makes men credulous of the slander and hasty to act upon it, and supplies at least one warm-hearted woman friend to stand by the victim. When Sheridan attacked the low vice of scandal-mongering with his brilliant sarcasm, he matched my Lady Snerwell and Mrs. Candour with Sir Benjamin Backbite. Tennyson, on the other hand, makes a woman the originator of "the lie that is half a truth that is ever the hardest to fight," and it was Vivien who "let her tongue rage like a flame, imputing her own vileness." To turn to recent real life, men alone are responsible for the almost incredibly base and cruel slanders on poor Dreyfus; but a Catholic priest at Clevedon who recently had to announce that he must cease his pastoral visits because of scandal attributed all the blame to ladies.

Probably it is as with most faults: the inferior members of both sexes are guilty of them. But, unhappily, it seems too true that jealousy and the malicious talk that it causes are most rife amongst women. In some points, a lower standard of morality is accepted and condoned amongst women than amongst men, and it is to be feared that this is one of those points. Women need to be "levelled up" to feel even as much as men do already the disgrace and dishonourableness of spiteful comment, and yet more of malicious false witness, against an envied neighbour. A well-known journalist, Mr. Norman Fraser, who has completed five hundred interviews



A PRETTY AFTERNOON DRESS.

Soft fancy silk, the ground white bestrewn with a pattern of flowers in colour, is the foundation of this dainty frock, the velvet trimming being chosen to match the prevailing colour, in the floral design.

for a weekly paper, has been recounting his experience in his vocation, and with a gentleness that carries conviction he reproves the women whom he has interviewed for this grievous and petty failing. "Ladies, from the interviewer's point of view," he says, "waste too much time by relating private matters which cannot possibly be repeated in print; and they are too fond of attacking their rivals, especially their feminine rivals. As an interviewer, I have never heard one man speak ill of another, but it is impossible to say the same of the ladies. Men, as a rule, are optimistic in regard to the work of others, pessimistic in regard to their own; but with women it is usually just the other way about." Such testimony makes one grieved and disheartened; for the women who so endeavoured to belittle other women's work were, of course, all more or less clever, and yet they were not clever enough to see the combined folly and wickedness of their disloyalty to other workers of their sex. Obviously, there can be nothing more damaging to the position of our sex than that, instead of rejoicing in and celebrating any great woman's success, other women should be shamelessly and stupidly ready to decry and depreciate and even to slander the greatest personalities. We shall make little progress till the proper sense of honour is aroused amongst women in this respect. Cannot we—those of us who are truly above it—endeavour to cultivate a public opinion amongst our sex against mean jealousy and consequent evil-speaking, lying, and slandering of one another in private and in public life? "If you cannot speak well, say nothing," is a good rule, as far as it goes; but we ought to add active charity, and "when you know praise is deserved, give it."

Alcohol, whether used as a beverage or as a drug, has come under the ban of several eminent doctors at their recent Congress in Toronto; and, at the same time, a paragraph has gone round the Press giving the recipe (in very imperfect form, by the way, as no quantities were stated) of the vegetable soup that "General" Booth asks his hosts to prepare for his luncheon, and the comment added is—"The General is almost a vegetarian, which probably accounts for his activity and vigour at his present age." So it appears that teetotalism and vegetarianism are to become fashionable, and popularly received as hygienic habits, and no longer to be regarded as "fads"! At the same time, be it noted, a serious effort is being made by the leading thinkers of Japan to introduce more meat-eating amongst their race. Those acute observers have concluded that the small stature and comparative weakness of build of the Japanese will be amended by their adopting more meat in their diet than is their present practice; rice and fish are the chief food of the Japanese masses, and their success in war and in industry on this diet has been duly exploited by the vegetarians. Now the Japanese are going to eat more meat, while we are reaching the point of being told that "no doubt" it is vegetarianism that leads a man to ripe age in full possession of active ability!

I cannot but think that it will be unfortunate if the British matron blindly plunges her family table into

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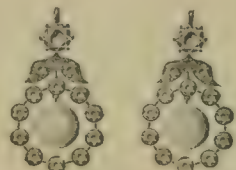
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vegetarianism. This system of diet needs scientific study to be safe; the necessary elements of food can no doubt be drawn from the vegetable world, but not without knowledge. Give a growing child or an actively working man and woman a portion of meat, and the vegetables that are added can be chosen at large and at random, for the meat will supply the element of nutrition in which it is most likely that the vegetables selected will be deficient. But if vegetarianism is supposed to consist of eating potatoes and cabbage, roots like carrots and turnips, tasty additions such as mushrooms and tomatoes, and bakers' white bread for the solid portion of the meal—that way danger lies. The vegetarians have published many books pointing out that peas, beans, oatmeal, whole wheat, and nuts are needed to supply the place of the discarded meat, and no house-mistress should try that system of diet before studying such works. A correspondent—a military man long stationed in Burmah—has written an interesting letter on this subject of the house-mother's ignorance of the nutritious values of the foods that she has to supply to her family. While confirming what I stated that rice is the main food of the flourishing Burmese and the clever Japanese, my correspondent says that it is by no means "the shining white grain that we are obliged to purchase here. The Burmans eat their rice with an outer coat on it, the removal of which deprives the grain of nourishing qualities while improving its appearance, if whiteness and glistening be so considered." This is exactly the same thing that happens with our wheat. We get here the best wheat in the world, largely what is called "No. 1," from the beautiful virgin lands of Canada, and then we proceed to remove and throw away its most valuable coat, which is slightly brown, in order to procure a very white flour. Individual housewives who have studied their business enough to revolt against this foolishness are in no better case than the indifferent ones, for bread made of the genuine whole wheat, like rice not peeled and polished, cannot be procured in most places. The baker's "brown bread" is frequently merely made of inferior "seconds" flour, or white flour mixed with coarse outer bran. The true "whole meal" flour has to be "stone ground," and this makes it more costly; but it is also much more sustaining, and therefore ultimately cheaper than the roller-mill flour, made as white as possible, that is commonly used. It is not to the baker's interest to supply genuine wholemeal bread, and it seems dearer. But how can eating the poor bread be helped in towns? In the country the family's bread can usually be baked at home, as in the good old times of a more robust and hearty England; and then the wholemeal flour can be obtained by due inquiry, and used to the great advantage especially of the growing children. But the poor and the middle-class in towns, who most need to consider this matter, would find it hard to get properly supplied.

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in Stirlingshire, have show-rooms at 23, Prince's Street, Cavendish Square, W., and 15, Upper Thames Street, E.C., as well as in Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Newcastle, Bristol, and Dublin, and they are probably the most famous makers of all forms of ironwork that have to do with internal decoration and domestic utility. The Carron works were incorporated by royal charter in 1773, and ever since have held the highest place for such articles as cooking-ranges, sitting-room stoves, baths, gates and railings, and the like. A charmingly illustrated catalogue is just issued of the Carron "Eighteenth-Century Fire-Grates." These designs were executed at the Carron works over a century ago, in that artistic period which felt the influence of Reynolds, Flaxman, and the brothers Adam, and produced such rare grace and beauty in design that it has never been surpassed. To turn over the pages of this catalogue is a liberal education. The tile surrounds, overmantels, kerbs, dogs, and fire-irons are all illustrated, as well as the grates, in extensive variety of size, style, and cost. While the designs are the artistic and graceful ones of eighteenth century, however, modern science in heating has been borne in mind, and each grate meets the requirements of the present day in respect of getting the utmost value out of the coal, without impairing the ornamental characteristics of the ironwork. A copy of the catalogue can be obtained by our readers by applying by post, mentioning the name of this Journal.

Though the hot spell made all the autumn goods retire abashed into the background of the shops, yet we know that the change of the seasons is nearly here, and that warmer dresses will soon be required, so the new models are appearing. Braiding is a great feature of the newest coats. Silk braid and military woollen braid alike are to be patronised. Round the sleeves at the elbows under a full top as well as on the cuffs, and at the back of the coats as well as on the front, braiding is applied with smart effect. Black braid is used on coloured cloths; on a rather bright blue or on Havana brown black silk braid is most successful. "Frogs," *à la militaire*, also are again seen on ladies' coats. Face cloths are most successfully braided with elaborate designs; tweeds and mixtures do not lend themselves so favourably to this ornamentation. Short coats, shaped in to the waist but having basques not far below that point, are also more suitable for a great display of braiding than were boleros or long coats.

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ART NOTES.

NO doubt, a *Quarterly Reviewer*, in the article on "Modern British Art and the Nation," voices the sentiments of the many virtually Unemployed among painters when he says that the large prices given for old pictures are disproportionate. A reaction may be on its way; but will there then be an end of complaint? The painter, like the farmer, has the trick of grumbling at his season, however richly he has reaped. The plain fact that the buyer is more exacting than of old is not one

£1500, paid this year by the Chantrey Trustees for a landscape of pleasant but mediocre quality, does not encourage the humbler buyer to have dealings with the modern painter. The much-abused person with a purse turns him towards King Street, and keeps time with the hammer of the auctioneer. Doubtless, if he makes bad investments there, he will return to the studios; but let him be met by a smiling face and a moderate tariff.

Impressive as has been the scaffolding obscuring Sir Aston Webb's great building in South Kensington, its removal will not be regretted. The new Museum buildings are proving particularly pleasant to the eye; colour and form are good, brick and stone have been used with real artistic cunning. The statues spreading right along the façade have been in their making the occasion for an unusual amount of open-air display of the sculptor's handicraft. They have been hewn out of the stone forming the wall and niches, after it has been put in its proper place. Plaster models aided the sculptors at work among the scaffolding. Millais, Leighton, Watts, Constable, and Turner are among the more modern artists whose images have thus day by day emerged from unshapely blocks. But while architect and sculptors have done their work admirably, there may be some cause for criticism of the choice of the national representatives of the arts who have taken their secure places in these enviable niches. The selection is perhaps a trifle too conventional.

Should every critic be painter, too? Mr. Ricketts, who claims distinction in both capacities, controverts the opinion of several writers who have declared Hubert van Eyck to be the painter of a picture in the collection of Mr. John G. Johnson, of Philadelphia. Had Mr. Johnson's picture, which has for subject "St. Francis Receiving the Stigmata," been undoubtedly authentic, it would have been one of America's greatest art-treasures. But it fails, writes Mr. Ricketts in

the *Burlington Magazine* "in too many essentials while it corresponds too closely in lesser accessories to the masterpiece at Turin for its authenticity to be seriously entertained. . . . There is a greater insistence upon small spots and specks, less reticence, in which we detect the conscientious labour of a later



WHAT OUR TARS FIRE AT: COUNTING THE HITS ON THE TARGET.

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that will work ill for English art. And perhaps this Reviewer does not sufficiently consider the question of prices. The modern picture at Burlington House is marked at a figure that is practically certain to fall in the course of a few years. Christie's has proved this scores of times. The odds are not so decidedly against the buyer in the matter of old pictures, for with them there is the far more frequent sporting chance of an increasing value.

The moral seems to be that the modern painter should work for a reasonable wage. Tintoretto was content to do so, he and all his fellows. Such a price as



WRECKED BY GOOD GUNNERY: PICKING UP THE SHOT-TORN TARGET.

copyist." Doubtless Mr. Johnson seriously entertained the idea of its authenticity when he purchased it. He will be less concerned at Mr. Ricketts' condemnation of a lesser treasure, a portrait supposed to be by Holbein. Mr. Ricketts is a good damner, saying of the portrait that "it is almost certainly modern. In draughtsmanship it is without subtlety, the nostril is preposterous, the under lip like a muffin." Perhaps Mr. Roger Fry, Keeper of the pictures in the Metropolitan Museum of New York, himself an excellent critic and painter, too, will

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Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., the distinguished authority on Hygienic Science and Health Questions, is evidently a believer in Thomas Carlyle's doctrine that there is no utility in pointing out misfortunes unless you at the same time indicate the remedy. In his remarkable little book, "The Art of Living," just issued from the press, Dr. Wilson not only points out that "Our first duty to ourselves is to check illness at the outset," but he follows up this admonition with the more welcome information how we are to do it. He, so to speak, says: "You have the evil of ill-health to fight. Now, here's the weapon to fight with. Strike for freedom." For example, he says: "Suppose a person has run down—feels languid and is easily tired. If he neglects this warning—for all such signs and symptoms are Nature's warning to us—the possibility is that he will pass further afield into the great lone land of disease. Can he do anything to save himself from such a disastrous result? In the vast majority of cases he can restore his vigour." How? Dr. Wilson tells his reader how without delay, adding at once this remarkable statement: "Probably he will be advised to take a tonic. This in the main is good advice. Unfortunately the number of tonics is legion, but if there exists any preparation which can combine in itself the properties of a tonic and restorative, and which at the same time can contribute to the nourishment and building up of the enfeebled body, it is evident such an agent must prove of the utmost value to everybody. I have found such a tonic and restorative in the preparation known as Sanatogen." How the distinguished author found this tonic he tells us in an interesting bit of autobiography. "Recovering from an attack of Influenza," he says, "and suffering from the severe weakness incidental to that ailment, Sanatogen was brought under my notice. I gave it a fair trial, and the results were all that could have been desired. In a short time my appetite improved, the weakness was conquered, and without the use of any other medicine or preparation I was restored to health." It is easy to believe that this experience led the doctor to make a thorough investigation into this specific which had served him so well. Sanatogen, he tells us, "combines two distinct elements—one tonic and the other nutritive." Further, it is no "secret" remedy, for, as he pertinently observes, "Its composition is well known, otherwise medical men would not prescribe it." What the tonic and nutritive elements of Sanatogen are, and how they effect so much good, Dr. Wilson describes in simple, convincing terms. The whole passage is too long to quote, but one important remark of the writer may be given, namely, that one of the principal elements of Sanatogen "represents the substance which actually forms a very important, if not the most important, constituent of our brain and nervous system." How, through regenerating the nervous system, Sanatogen restores the functions of the digestive organs, and by rebuilding the whole body, compensates the wear and tear of latter-day life; how it does away with the need of stimulants, and cures the sick by the natural method of making the body strong enough to drive out disease—all this, in the delightful style of Dr. Wilson's language, makes engrossing and pleasant, as well as instructive, reading. This last contribution of Dr. Wilson to the literature of Health may certainly be calculated to carry joyful news to the ailing and weary. A limited number of complete specimen copies of the "Art of Living," by Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., are being distributed free of charge. To obtain one of these copies the applicant must mention the *Illustrated London News* in sending his name and address to the publishers—F. WILLIAMS & Co., 83, Upper Thames St., London, E.C.

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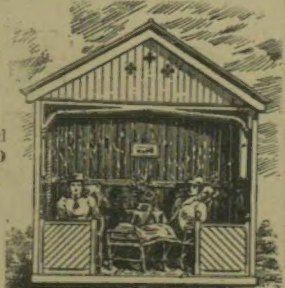
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From the Victoria and Albert Museum was lately withdrawn the Ascoli cope, which it held in trust for Mr. Pierpont Morgan, that it might be equitably returned by the millionaire to the church from whence it had been stolen. And now it is reported that "some

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

BISHOP MOULE, who retires in December from the see of Mid-China, which he has held for twenty-five years, will have completed in a few months forty-nine years of service of Chinese missions. His son, the Rev. H. W. Moule, and his daughter, Miss J. F. Moule, are on the staff of the Church Missionary Society. When Bishop

Vicar of St. Augustine's, Highbury, is one of the leaders of this hopeful enterprise.

St. Paul's Church, Portman Square, W., is closed during September for cleaning and renovation. Many members of this congregation do not return to town until later in the autumn. The former Vicar, Principal Griffith Thomas, of Wycliffe Hall, Oxford, has been on holiday at Worthing. His successor, the Rev. J. Stuart Holden,



Princess.

Photo. View and Portrait Supply.

THE FIRST MEETING OF THE BRAEMAR GATHERING ON ITS PERMANENT GROUND: THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER CHILDREN PRESENT.

This year the Braemar gathering was held on September 6, in the presence of the Princess of Wales, Prince Edward, and Princess Mary. Hitherto the gathering has been held at Balmoral, Mar Lodge, or Braemar Castle, but this year it was held for the first time on its permanent ground, the new Princess Royal Park purchased and laid out by the Braemar Royal Highland Society.

London museum," probably that one of this cumbrous title, has been denied a great haul from Spain. The Governor of Cérda has, it seems, denounced to the authorities at Madrid a plot on the part of the Abbey of Abbelanes, province of Cérda, to sell to England for £4000 some ancient monumental sculptures. They were being removed, stone by stone, by workmen sworn to secrecy. But the action was discovered, and the monuments are to remain—can we lament it?—in the country of those whom they commemorate.

W. M.

Moule first reached China the total number of persons baptised since the C.M.S. mission began was under one hundred; the latest statistics show over 3200 living baptised Chinese Christians.

Preparations for the Islington United Mission are well advanced, and nearly all the clergy are co-operating heartily. Some Vicars, like the Rev. Frank Swainson, are arranging to take the mission in their own parish, while others will "exchange" with a neighbour or invite some missionary from outside. The Rev. R. Catterall,

has already taken his place as one of the most popular preachers in Marylebone.

The *Guardian* reminds us that at Truro the Bishop also acts as Dean, and that Dr. Stubbs long ago expressed the opinion that the union of the offices of Bishop and Dean, except as a mere temporary expedient, was absolutely fatal to the effectiveness of both offices. It is probable, therefore, that one of the tasks of the new Bishop will be the completion of the ecclesiastical establishment at Truro Cathedral.

V.

MR. JUSTICE FINNEMORE,

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A few drops in a basin
of hot water will freshen
your complexion, cheer
and refresh you.

Look for the Hall-mark "4711"
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"EASY" HAIR CURLER

WILL NOT ENTANGLE OR BREAK THE HAIR.




ARE EFFECTIVE,
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For Very Bold Curls
TRY OUR

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SAME PRICE
12 CURLERS IN BOX.
Post Free for 6 Stamps
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The GENUINE
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The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery,
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at 3d., 6d., & 1s., by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c.
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We are entering for WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP PAINTING COMPETITION.

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As supplied to the House of Lords.

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The shilling-quality cigar in 1½d. size.

In 3d., 6d. and 1/- packets;
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Of all tobacconists, or from
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Commence the day with

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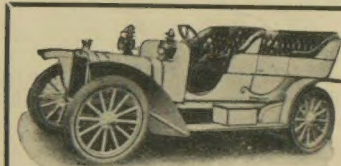
Finish the day with

PLASMON COCOA

(Far more nourishing than any other)

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16-20 H.P. Superb New
Model, Price ... **£530**

THREE SUNBEAM TRIUMPHS.

The Sunbeam Car, without being overhauled, made an absolute non-stop run in the Scottish Reliability Trials without losing a single mark, then made the run from John o' Groat's to Land's End and back, and wound up by climbing Bealoch Hill and beating the record (by three minutes) of the only other car that has made the ascent.

Particulars, &c., apply **SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., Ltd.**
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Agent for London and South of England—H. C. DIGNASSE,
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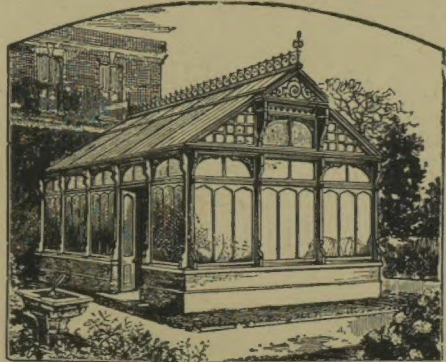
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MESSRS GET FRÈRES

Quarts 5/- Pints 3/-

DIGESTIVE INVIGORATING **TONIC STIMULATING**

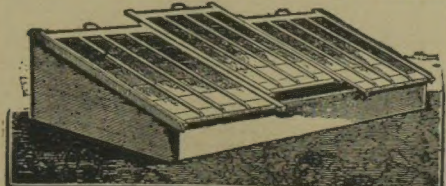
Refuse all substitutes.
There are many **CRÈME de MENTHE** but only one
GET FRÈRES PIPPERMINT Liqueur.
See that you get it from your Wine Merchant.
Free sample on application to
Sole Agent for United Kingdom and British Colonies.
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BOULTON & PAUL, LTD.,
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CONSERVATORIES
DESIGNED TO SUIT ANY SITUATION.



SURVEYS MADE IN ANY PART OF THE COUNTRY

No. 75.—**MELON & CUCUMBER FRAME.**



4 ft. by 6 ft. ... £1 15 0 12 ft. by 6 ft. ... £3 15 0
8 ft. by 6 ft. ... 2 15 0 16 ft. by 6 ft. ... 4 15 0

No. 77.—**VIOLET FRAME, 6 ft. by 4 ft.,** 30/-
similar to No. 75, with Two Lights

**AND
BOILERS, PIPES, FITTINGS.**

CARRIAGE PAID on orders of 40s. value to most
Goods Stations in England.

Smokers who know

—smokers who really appreciate a tobacco in which all the full, sweet, natural juices are retained—a tobacco of delicious mildness, rich, mellow and fragrant, are advised to try

Gallagher's "GOLD BOND" Mixture

DOES NOT BITE—ALWAYS FRESH AND MOIST.

Sold in 1-oz. packets, and 2-oz. and 4-oz. tins.

TESTING SAMPLE FREE.

If you will send us your name and address, and also give us the name and address of your tobacconist, we will send you, post free, a testing sample of "Gold Bond" Mixture.

GOLD BOND CIGARETTES.

The cigarette with the indefinable charm.

Gallagher, Ltd.
(Dept. 8), Belfast.

We belong to
no ring or
combine.



WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated Aug. 7, 1902) of Mr. WILLIAM STURDY, of Paxhill Park, Lindfield, Sussex, and the Stock Exchange, who died on July 16, was proved on Sept. 1 by Charles James Sturdy, Edward Vyse Sturdy, and Hubert Frank Sturdy, the sons, the gross value of the estate being £1,023,893, of which £917,086 is net personality. Subject to the life interest of his wife, Mrs. Mary Sturdy, the testator settles the Paxhill Park estate on his eldest son, William Arthur, and the furniture, plate, pictures, and articles of vertu in the mansion house are to devolve as heirlooms therewith. He gives £40,000, in trust, for each of his daughters Florence Isabel, Ethel Mary, Helen Margaret, Ida Maude, and Norah Catherine; £2000, and £8000 a year to his wife; various houses, farms, and lands at Lindfield, Cuckfield, and Hayward's Heath, to his four sons; £200 each to his children; £100 per annum each to his wife's brother and sister, Charles and Ida; £100 each to his wife's brothers

and sisters; and many legacies to relatives, clerks, and servants. On the decease of Mrs. Sturdy, a sum producing £6000 per annum is to follow the trusts of the settled Paxhill Park estate. The residue of his property he leaves to his four sons William Arthur, Charles James, Edward Vyse, and Hubert Frank.

The will (dated Aug. 4, 1904) of the REV. HENRY WILLOUGHBY ADAMS, of 40, Eton Avenue, Hampstead, who died on Aug. 2, was proved on Aug. 28 by George Edward Cokayne, the brother, and Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Willoughby Adams and James Elwin Cokayne Adams, the nephews, the value of the real and personal estate being £127,025. The testator gives £1000 and the plate to his brother; £5000 to Colonel Edward W. Adams; £4000 to James E. C. Adams; £2000 to his niece, Violet Cokayne Adams; £1000 each to his nieces Patience and Letitia Adams; £1000 to the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation; £100 to his brother-in-law, Lord Aldenham; £100 each to his nephews the Hon. Vicary, Alban and Herbert Gibbs; £600 to his niece, the Hon.

Edith Caroline Gibbs; £500 to the Hon. and Rev. Kenneth Gibbs; £2000, and the household furniture, to his sister-in-law, Mary Ann Adams; £4000 to Mary Ann and Margaret Adams; £200 for a clock for the church at Great Parndon (Essex), and £100, in trust, for the winding thereof; £1000 to his nephew, Brian Cokayne; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew Elwin and his nieces Violet, Patience, and Letitia.

The will (dated May 10, 1904), with a codicil, of MR. THOMAS WALKER, of Southfield, Great Lever, Bolton, who died on May 14, has been proved by his sons William Edward Walker, Charles Ernest Walker, Thomas Stanley Walker, and Arthur Noel Walker, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £368,920 16s. 2d. The testator gives £500, an annuity of £2000, and the use of his house and furniture, to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Walker; and the residue of his property to his said four sons and two daughters, Margaret Annie Parke and Edith Maude Walker, in equal shares.

"JUST JOU"
Black & Tan
BOOT POLISH
THE BEST MADE FOR
BOX CALF AND OTHER LEATHERS
Guaranteed FREE FROM ACID
DAY & MARTIN, Ltd.
Particulars of MONTHLY PRIZE
COMPETITIONS in every packet.

**GLOAG'S
PERTH
WHISKY.**
Two bottles Famous
"GROUSE" BRAND (Reg.)
Delicate, soft, delicious. By post, 7/6.
Please try it.
Per doz. bottles, 41/- cash, carriage paid.
MATTHEW GLOAG
PERTH, SCOTLAND. Established 1800.

**CHIVERS'S
JELLIES**
FLAVORED
WITH
RIPE FRUIT
JUICES

Admitted by the Profession to be the most
Valuable Remedy ever discovered.
Dr. J. Collis Browne's
CHLORODYNE
The ORIGINAL and ONLY GENUINE
is the BEST REMEDY KNOWN for
**COUGHS, COLDS,
ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS,
DIARRHŒA, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM.**
Of all Chemists, 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/6.

**Goddard's
Plate
Powder**
For Cleaning Silver Electro Plate &
Sold everywhere 1½, 2/6 & 4/6.

CORNISH
PADDINGTON AND
PENZANCE,
6 hrs. 40 mins.
RETURN FARE £2.
G.W.R.
BY NEW SHORT
ROUTE,
SAVING 21 MILES.
RIVIERA.
FULL OF PICTURESQUE HOLIDAY HAUNTS, OLD-WORLD FISHING
VILLAGES AND BRIGHT BEAUTY SPOTS.
Write to the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington, for New Edition of beautifully illustrated
"CORNISH RIVIERA" Travel Book, post free, 3d. JAMES C. INGLIS, General Manager.

HINDE'S
Circumstances alter cases.
Hinde's Wavers alter faces.
**real hair
savers. WEVERS**

OLD TAYLOR
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY.
JOHN TAYLOR & CO., GLASGOW, LTD., KIRKCALDY, SCOTLAND.

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EXTENSIONS AND REPAIRS.
We undertake these to any extent, and give estimates for alterations of, or additions to, existing houses and heating apparatus
SURVEYS BY APPOINTMENT.

When any special designs are required, we shall be pleased to let one of our representatives wait upon Ladies or Gentlemen at their residences, in any part of the country, to take all necessary particulars, and we will then submit designs and estimates in accordance with his report.

**SPAN ROOF GREEN-
HOUSES.**
PORTABLE TENANT'S
FIXTURE.
Substantially constructed.
Complete with door, lock
and key. Ventilators and
iron for opening same.
Stages each side for plants,
and glass. Painted one coat.
All ready for erection. Care-
fully marked so that any handy man can fix in a few hours,
or delivered erected and glazed with extra coat of paint at
works within 50 miles. No. 8 has diagonal panels, 21 oz.
glass, and gutters and downpipes.

PORTABLE IRON BUILDINGS of Every Description
Churches, Chapels
Schools, Offices, Cottages,
Bungalows, Stables, Loose
Boxes, &c.
No. 301.—Cottage con-
taining 4 rooms erected
complete on purchaser's
foundation, £65; on rail
£45.
FOR NUMEROUS OTHER DE-
SIGN SEE LIST.

PORTABLE BUILDINGS.
Suitable for workshops,
dwellings, storerooms, offices,
stables, tool or potting sheds,
and numerous other purposes.
Doors and windows can be
placed in any position. Erected
by any handy man in a few
hours. For other designs, see
Catalogue.

FAVOURITE POULTRY HOUSE.
Made in sections with door in side and window at end;
a flap at back for access to nest boxes; a raised floor about
2 ft. from ground so as to form
dry run underneath; nest, perch,
ladder, &c., 3 ft. by 2 ft. 6 in.,
15s. 6d.; 4 ft. by 3 ft. 6 in.,
21s. 6d.; 5 ft. by 4 ft. 6 in.,
28s. 6d.; 6 ft. by 5 ft. 6 in.,
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44s. 6d.; 8 ft. by 7 ft. 6 in.,
52s. 6d. For numerous
other designs, see list. If painted
with rot-proof composition 10
per cent. extra.

GARDEN LIGHTS.
Well-seasoned stiles 2 in. by 2 in.,
mortised and pinned to tenoned rails
properly rabbeted for the glass and
fitted with zinc sash bars. Unglazed with
glazed sufficient glass
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6 ft. by 4 ft. ... 2s. 9d. ... 9s. 0d. ... 6s. 0d.
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Iron Strengthening bar, 1s. extra.

PORTABLE HUT.
Substantially constructed
of well-seasoned tongued
and grooved boards on
strong framing; made in
complete sections. These
huts can be used for poultry,
or as cycle houses,
workshops, dark rooms,
tool and potting sheds, and
numerous other purposes.
Length. Width. Cash price
ft. in. ft. in. £ s. d.
6 0 4 0 ... 1 12 6
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**MELON AND CUCUMBER
FRAMES.** For storage of plants in
winter, for the cultivation
of melons, cucumbers, etc.,
in summer. Made of 1½ in.
thoroughly well-seasoned
red deal boards, lights 2 in.
thick, glazed 21 oz. glass,
painted two coats.

"INVINCIBLE" HOT-WATER APPARATUS.
(Tenant's Fixture.) No. 407.
Most efficient and cheapest in existence. Requires no sunk
stokehole and no brick setting. Will last all night without
attention. Will burn house cinders, therefore costs next to
nothing for fuel. Anyone can fix
it, a child can stoke it; success
guaranteed. Cost of complete ap-
paratus for greenhouses, with 4 in.
pipes, flow and return along one
side cut and fitted, so that if the
internal measurement of the green-
house is given, the apparatus will
be sent completely ready for fixing,
an advantage which will be appreciated
by all. Securely and carefully packed on
rail at the following respective prices:
Size of house, 7 ft. by 5 ft., £2 15s.; 9 ft. by 6 ft., £3; 10 ft.
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£4 5s.; 20 ft. by 10 ft., £5 5s.; 25 ft. by 10 ft., £6 5s. Esti-
mates for complete apparatus for any sized house free on
application. Write for prices for large quantities.

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Prevents the hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.
IS NOT a dye.

Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST OR HAIRDRESSER FOR

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Price 3s. 6d. per Bottle.



PEARLS, DIAMONDS,
of Fine Quality wanted,
from £5 to £10,000, for Cash.

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DIAMOND AND PEARL MERCHANTS (EST. 1772),

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Consignments of Fine Gems from abroad purchased for cash or sold on commission.
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"Take this back, please! I must have

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

Insist upon having "Cherry Blossom"—
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softener of all leather—box calf, glacé kid, &c. Makes
boot-cleaning easy, speedy, delightful. No disappointment;
your boots will shine as they have never done before. Tins 2d.,
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METAL POLISH

Creates brightness in the home. Employed with brilliant results.
Gives marvellous splendour to brass and all metals. Speedy,
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Send for Dainty FREE SAMPLE of both polishes and
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